

Children's Newspaper, March 20, 1926

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# The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

*The Weekly Companion of the Best-loved Magazine in the World*

Number 366

Week Ending  
MARCH 20, 1926

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## WE ARE SEVEN

See  
Page  
Six

### AMAZING ADVENTURE WITH A WILD BEAST

#### A TIGER THAT DID CLIMB

Something That May Not Have  
Happened Before

#### THE SHOT THAT MISSED

A lion cannot climb a tree, and a tiger does not. The experience of all hunters in Africa and Asia confirms the statement to this effect which has often been made in the C.N., and was made again the other day when a lion was said to have climbed a tree after a traveller in Rhodesia. A lion, as we pointed out, can leap far enough and high enough to reach in its bound a man who was no more than 18 feet above the ground, but it would not climb after him.

Nor is the other great cat, the tiger, which in size is the equal of the lion, a tree climber.

#### Beating-up the Tiger

In the commonest form of tiger hunting the elephants are used for beating-up the tiger. The sportsmen with their guns are on partially shut-in wooden platforms, called *machans*, built at 18 or 20 feet above the ground.

Evidently, therefore, the tiger is not expected to climb. But can it? Would it never do so even when furiously angry? These questions have lately been answered by Mr. Smythies, of the Indian Forestry Service, in so unexpected a way that in telling his story he begins by saying that it sounds incredible.

The Forestry Officer and his wife started out early to shoot a tiger. They had two elephants, with their native mahouts to act as beaters, and two machans had been fixed up in trees near the spot where a tiger might break cover. The machan occupied by Mrs. Smythies was 16 feet up in the first fork of a vertical, tall tree about two feet in diameter. At that height she was thought to be safe from any tiger.

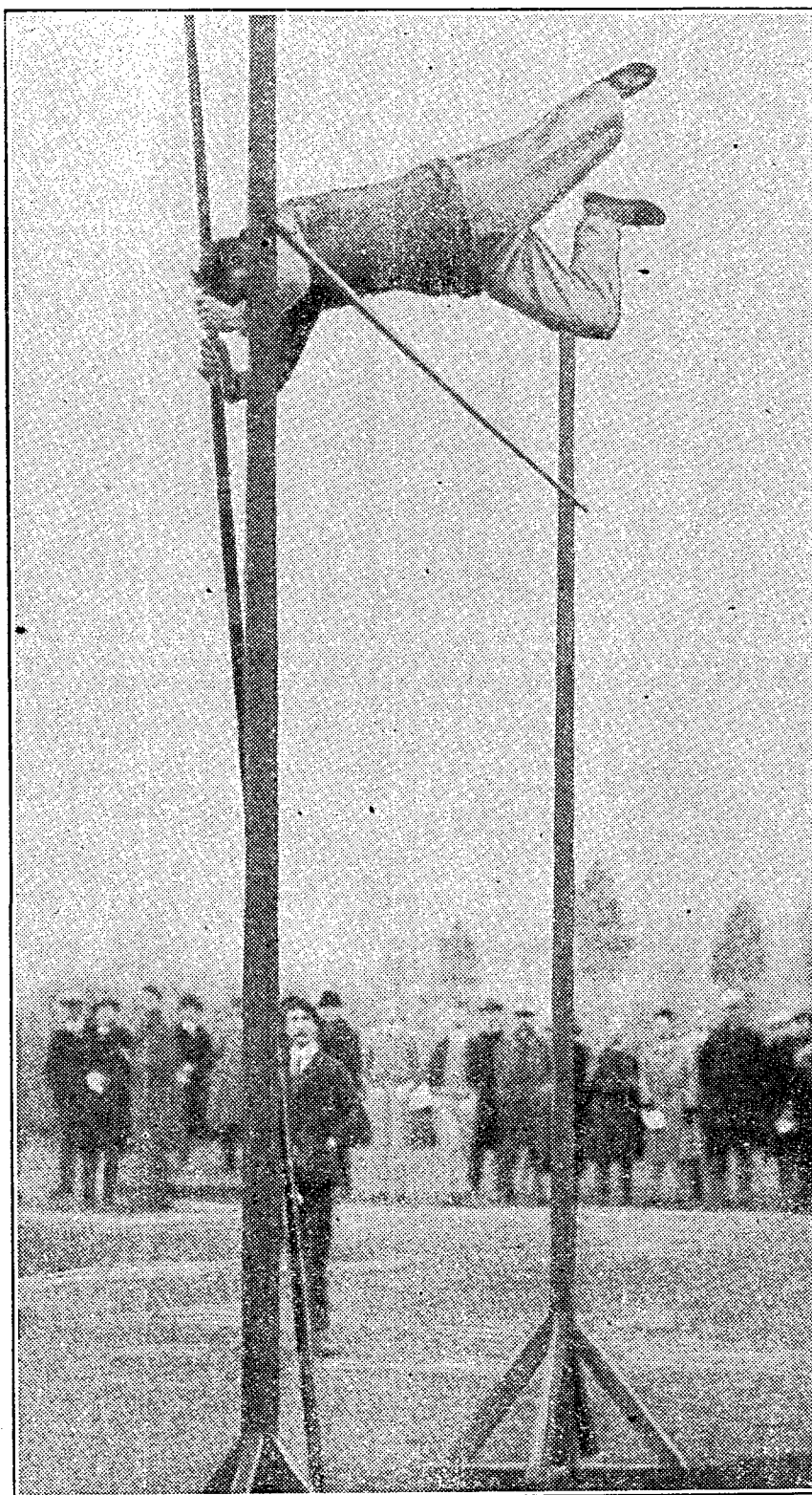
#### Climbing Like a Great Cat

The two mahouts and their elephants succeeded in rousing a fine male tiger, which broke cover in sight of Mr. Smythies at a fast slouch. Mr. Smythies missed him thrice, but as the tiger rushed past the tree where Mrs. Smythies was waiting in her machan she fired and hit it. The tiger stopped, but it was not killed. The lady fired again, and missed.

Here begins what Mr. Smythies calls the incredible part of his story. The tiger, mad with rage, turned round to glare at its assailant. Then, roaring, it charged and flung itself at the tree. With its great fore-arms encircling the tree it began to climb like a great cat. It is the act of climbing which is so incredible, as Mr. Smythies says.

The rest of the story is thrilling, but it must have been something more than that to the officer and his wife. He slipped down from his tree and, running toward the tree where his wife was, 35 yards away, began firing at the tiger.

### The Big Jump



This record pole jump was made at Oxford during the recent Oxford University Sports, when R. L. Hyatt, of Harvard and Balliol, jumped 11 feet 3 inches, beating the Oxford record by 3 inches. He wore his ordinary flannel trousers and sweater

He only grazed it, and it climbed on till it thrust a paw over the edge of the machan and got its chin with open jaws on the edge of the platform.

Mrs. Smythies thrust her rifle into the creature's snarling jaws, pulled the trigger, and missed! The rifle missed. The machan was rocking with the frantic efforts of the tiger to get into it, its hind claws still in the tree trunk, the rest of its huge body stuck out from the tree, and Mrs. Smythies toppled out

backwards. Fortunately her fall was broken by the tough grass and brush-wood, and she picked herself up and ran.

The tiger did not seem to notice that she had gone, but continued frantically with teeth and claw to climb into the machan. Mr. Smythies, with his last cartridge found a vital spot, and the tiger crashed backwards—dead.

Mr. Smythies rightly believes that this strange incident is unique in the annals of tiger shooting.

### A SEA LIGHT OFF BRITTANY

#### HOW ITS KEEPERS CAME HOME AGAIN

The Roped Man Who Swam  
to the Rocks

#### ONE MORE HEROIC DEED OF PEACE

People who live on the extreme west of the Brittany coast, which is so lovely in the summer time, are glad to see the lighthouse keepers from La Veuille, near Raz Point, home again.

These two men had been marooned on that stone peak far too long. One went on duty on December 2, the other on January 14, and there they had stayed, held in a terrible isolation by the heavy seas.

This lighthouse catches the full force of the in-driving Atlantic storms. Even in summer there is generally plenty of weather out there, as visitors to Quimper know. We who live on the land can scarcely understand it, for to us a storm means a disturbance which lasts two or three days at the outside. There one gale follows another, and the sea can have no rest.

#### The Boat Goes Out

The time for relieving the two men on La Veuille was long overdue. Several attempts had been made, but no boat could approach the rocks of the lighthouse and live. The man whose duty it was to see to the replenishing of the lighthouse stores began to get very uneasy, and he decided to go out once more. The chief of the lighthouse staff and his son, who were to relieve the sea-bound men, went with him.

They got their boat within reach of the lighthouse platform, but could by no means land her. One of the men tied a rope round his waist, securing one end to the boat and the other end to the platform. The men in the lighthouse, weak and weary with waiting and almost hopeless, watched the approach. They saw the roped man jump into the sea and fight through the smashing waves toward the ladder at the foot of their tower. Several times he was lost to sight. Those who were watching wondered if he would reach his goal or if there was to be another victim of Raz Point. At last he managed to touch the ladder.

#### The Last Ordeal

The stores that had been brought had to be dragged by ropes through the sea, and the relieving men followed. Then came the last ordeal, that of getting the imprisoned lighthouse men into the boat, which was riding like the proverbial cockle-shell on the high-running seas.

They could scarcely find enough energy to cling to the ropes, but somehow they were got into the boat and taken across to the mainland. They are going to have a long rest before they go out to tend the great sea light once more.



## THE UGLINESS ACROSS THE THAMES

**LORD ROTHERMERE HELPS TO GET RID OF IT A Great Step Forward Toward a Beautiful South London**

### NOBLE MEMORIAL TO A MOTHER

Another great step forward is to be taken towards making the south side of the Thames more worthy of London. Lord Rothermere has shown the way by



Mrs. Harmsworth

preserving, in memory of his mother, a great space in the heart of the dense population gathered round the south side of Westminster Bridge.

A year or more ago the C.N. pointed out how the south side of the Thames had become a place of ugly slums in sad contrast to the many beauties of the northern side.

The north, with its magnificent Embankment (said only the other day by a great architect to be unique in the world), its great buildings from the Houses of Parliament to St. Paul's, and its glorious parks behind, shows up the misery of the mudbanks and unsightly warehouses and river yards of the south, with its acres of mean streets and crowded slums in the sordid background.

We pointed out how a new standard had been set for the south by the building of the County Hall, with its 350 yards of noble frontage, and we called for the extension of the new front to Blackfriars Bridge, and for the conversion of the grounds of the Royal Bethlehem Hospital into a public park. That, we said, would make a beginning.

### A Truly Noble Woman

The river frontage has yet to come, but it will come some day, and meanwhile the new park is assured. In three years the Bethlehem Hospital, the oldest hospital in the world to minister to the mind diseased, will have moved out to Addington, in Surrey, and Lord Rothermere has bought the site in Lambeth for £155,000, and will give it to the County Council to be administered as a public space.

The grounds, with their seven green lawns and their plentiful trees and shrubs, cover over fourteen acres in the very centre of London, where life is at its dingiest and drabdest. They are to be known as the Geraldine Mary Harmsworth Park, in memory of the mother of Lord Rothermere, a truly noble memorial of a truly noble woman.

## A FRIEND OF THE POOR

### The Kind Old Man in East London

A kind man is finding out that it is not easy to help others in the simple way of giving them money.

He has been going about the streets of East London trying to find anyone in need and helping them then and there with a pound note. He soon found that there was no need to try very hard, for his fame spread.

The other day he went into a house in Whitechapel and asked if the people there knew any families who were in great want. He passed on, and people followed him. At the door of another house where he stopped a crowd collected, and a policeman had to escort the friend of the poor away.

Of course he does not want to talk about himself, and will not tell anybody his name. He is between 60 and 70, and although he says he is an English Jew he speaks no Yiddish. When anyone tries to get him to talk he says: "It is for God I am doing this," and walks away without saying another word.

## MORE INSURANCE BENEFITS

### NEW PROPOSALS

**A Common Fund Built up by Improved Health**

### WHAT TO DO WITH IT

A Royal Commission has been sitting since the summer of 1924 to consider what improvements can be made in our system of National Health Insurance, and it has now reported.

Its chief conclusion is that till the country grows richer neither the Government nor the insured workers can afford to pay more, and this naturally limits the improvements that can be made in the benefits.

But without extra payments there is one source, the Commission thinks, from which money for further benefits can be obtained. A number of the Approved Societies through which the insurance scheme is administered have accumulated surpluses which they are spending on extra benefits for their members. This is due, no doubt, partly to good administration, but perhaps more to the health of the members being better than the average.

### Prospect of Free Dentistry

The Commission would not touch surpluses already accumulated, but it thinks future surpluses should go into a common fund, and that out of this certain extra benefits might be supplied. The chief of these is the provision of advice and treatment by specialists in cases that are too difficult for treatment by ordinary doctors.

Next, in addition to the allowance for the sick person himself, it is proposed that there should be an allowance of two shillings a week for each of his dependents. The Commission would also give more help to mothers when babies are born. Finally, if there is still money to spare, free treatment for the teeth of insured people should be provided.

At present there are special committees in every district to look after health insurance, and the Commission would abolish these, handing the work over to the local councils.

This report is signed by eleven out of the fifteen members of the Commission.

## LISTENING-IN ON THE TRAIN

### A G.W.R. Experiment

Listening-in has been tried with complete success on the world's longest non-stop train run, that between London and Plymouth (226 miles).

On the outward journey the hearing was not very good because the dynamos under the carriage for making the electric light interfered. But this difficulty was overcome before the return trip, and reception was perfect after that. The only difficulty was when the train entered a long tunnel, when the sound gradually faded; but at the end of the tunnel it grew quite strong again. Paris, as well as 2 L O and Daventry, was heard perfectly. *Picture on page 12*

## STOPPING CRUELTY

### Another Chance for Parliament

Once more a Bill has been introduced in Parliament to forbid the hunting of captive animals.

The Bill provides that any person who "promotes, arranges, conducts, assists, or takes part in" the hunting or coursing of any quadruped which has to his knowledge been kept in captivity or confinement shall be liable to a fine up to £25 or imprisonment up to three months or both. And assuredly he will deserve it!

We hope the Bill will go through this time without opposition.

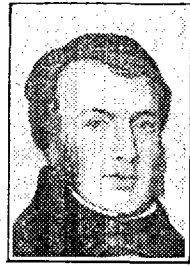
## THE HANSOM MAN

### PUTTING HIS NAME IN THE DICTIONARY

**The Rise and the Passing of the Gondola of London**

### THE CHANGES OF TIME

Mr. Joseph Stanislaw Hansom, who is retiring from public affairs, must have much to think about as he looks back over his life. He is the second son of a man who gave a word to the English dictionary.



Joseph Hansom

When he was a small boy the hansom cab his father had invented was developing; it became the fashionable vehicle for West End London. He has lived to see the hansom die away and become a relic in the London Museum.

When our fathers were little boys they could hear, as they walked along Piccadilly, *Hansom, Sir, Hansom?* and a finger would beckon from that queer high perch. The Hansoms glided along, swinging in the traffic, the gondolas of London. Housemaids whistled them shrilly from doorsteps in quiet squares. Small children watched men jump in and throw a royal word up through the trap-shutter in the roof, saw the doors shut by magic, and wondered if ever they would be old enough and grand enough to ride in one of those haughty cabs drawn by a horse with a bell at his neck. For a long time it was not considered proper for a lady to ride in a hansom alone!

### Tired of Losing Money

There are one or two Hansoms still left on the London streets, like solitary sailing boats amid smart river launches; but they are very different from the cab Mr. Hansom planned. He was such a clever man that probably he would have perfected the hansom himself if he had not got tired of losing money over it. He seemed to have a fate for being left out when the bills were squared up.

The elder Joseph Hansom, who was born in York in 1803, was an architect. When he was about 30 he built Birmingham Town Hall and became bankrupt over it, as the terms of the undertaking made him responsible for the builders, and we all know what builder's extras are.

The architect started again as manager to a business firm, and while there he worked out his invention for a safety cab. He patented it in 1834, and sold the rights to a company for £10,000. The company promptly proceeded to get into trouble, however, before they had paid him a penny, and Hansom took over the job of putting the firm on its feet again. As a reward they gave him £300, and that was all he ever got for the cabs that took his name.

### Another Failure

A few years later this man of boundless energy and many ideas brought out the first copy of our weekly friend *The Builder*, a trade paper which he thought was much wanted. There again money was lacking, and he had to lay it down. After that he wisely kept to architecture and set up some famous churches and convents in certain English towns. From 1869 for ten years onward he was in partnership with his son, the Mr. Joseph Hansom of whom we have just been speaking.

In 1882 the inventor of the hansom cab died, and a little later Lord Shrewsbury brought out his adaptation of the original hansom cabs, a far different construction, which became so popular. Mr. Hansom must smile when he sees one now and again, and say to himself "I remember, I remember," so swiftly do changes come in an age like this!

## WONDERFUL LONDON IN WONDERFUL PICTURES

A fine new book has just appeared on the bookstalls. It is called *Wonderful London*, and seventy authors have combined to write it. The hundred chapters in which they tell the story of the world's greatest city will fascinate the reader.

But more wonderful than the reading matter are the superb illustrations, one thousand finely-printed photogravures reproduced from photographs, a pictorial record of London in its magnificence.

Many hundreds of these photographs have been specially taken for *Wonderful London*, and make their first appearance in it. Their great beauty will come as a revelation even to those who know London well. They show not only the mighty buildings and spacious parks, but London's smaller attractions, the often more beloved beauties of ancient alleys, half-hidden churches, and half-forgotten courtyards, the little markets tucked away behind the big shops, the posts, gateways, doors, and little overhanging buildings which still survive to tell us of the London Shakespeare knew; the London the Great Plague ravaged and the Great Fire overwhelmed.

It is fitting that a great city should be described by its finest writers, and the Editor of *Wonderful London* is to be congratulated on securing so long a list of brilliant authors. Alfred Noyes, Dean Inge, Sir Philip Gibbs, Barry Pain, E. V. Knox, St. John Ervine, Pett Ridge, G. K. Chesterton, these are but a few of the seventy, each of whom will be responsible for a chapter on some aspect of London or its life.

The book is appearing fortnightly at 1s. 3d. a part, and the first number is ready now.

## THINGS SAID

There is nothing we need today so much as another Wesley. *Mr. Baldwin*  
If the Chinese coolie could be persuaded to wear a shirt six inches longer Lancashire would be rolling in wealth.

*Daily News*

The only safe thing for a motor driver is to be tectotal.

*A Clerkenwell Magistrate*

The study of food and habits is vastly more important than the paltry subjects which occupy so much of the minds of the people. *Sir Arbuthnot Lane*

British people seem to think that ugliness is good business.

*Mr. C. R. W. Nevins*

The Ten Commandments tell you what you ought to do. Ten pounds in the savings bank make you want to do it. *Canon Peter Green*

The test of music is whether it has any human relationship. Music belongs to the people, and not to connoisseurs or patrons. *Dr. Vaughan Williams*

One of our porters takes the C.N., and I am sorry to say the children have even fought for possession of it.

*A Jewish Teacher*

The English people do not mind paying for a good thing like education.

*A School Inspector*

The only wealth is the wealth of knowledge carried in the brain.

*Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter*

My first Sunday in London was spent in hearing Dr. Parker in the morning, Canon Liddon in the afternoon, and Mr. Spurgeon in the evening.

*Mr. Lloyd George*

When I ask you what your earnings are don't tell me what your grandmother thinks of the weather.

*Judge Parfitt to a witness*

There is a greater spirit of "What was good enough for grandfather is not good enough for me" than we have ever seen before. *Mr. Gordon Selfridge*



## AUSTRALIA'S SIX MILLIONS

### PEOPLING THE FAR SOUTH OF THE EMPIRE

#### The Slow Filling-up of the Empty Continent

#### NEARLY HALF THE PEOPLE IN SIX TOWNS

The C.N. recorded the other day the interesting fact that the population of Australia had at last reached a total of six millions.

We have since received from Australia the latest facts about the great island-continent for 1925. Very astonishing they are.

We can best realise the astounding facts of Australia's population by recalling that Greater London, covering only 690 square miles, contains 7,500,000 people, or 1,500,000 more than Australia, the area of which is nearly three million square miles.

#### The Town-Dwellers

Even more remarkable than the small size of the Australian population is the fact that nearly half the people are crowded into the capital cities. Here is the population of the six chief towns as estimated last January:

|                               |           |
|-------------------------------|-----------|
| Sydney (New South Wales) ..   | 1,050,000 |
| Melbourne (Victoria) ..       | 900,000   |
| Brisbane (Queensland) ..      | 250,000   |
| Adelaide (South Australia) .. | 295,000   |
| Perth (Western Australia) ..  | 178,000   |
| Hobart (Tasmania) ..          | 57,000    |

Population of six towns .. 2,730,000

All the rest of Australia has only 3,270,000 people. So we see our Australian fellow-citizens as largely town-dwellers. Outside the six capital cities the mighty Australian area contains little more than three million people.

Yet Australia was discovered as long ago as 1605 by the Spaniards and the Dutch, and although the island remained untenanted by white men until Captain Cook visited it in 1770 the British Government made a settlement at Sydney Cove in 1788. It has taken a century and a third, therefore, to raise the population to the small figure of six millions.

#### Australia Must Have People

Last year Australia received only 38,000 immigrants as compared with 44,000 in 1924. The number of children born in the country is remarkably small, being about 135,000 a year. We see, therefore, that very slow progress is still being made in adding to the population. The most optimistic estimate is that in eight years a population of seven millions may be reached.

No doubt the fact that Australia is regarded as the Other Side of the World has much to do with checking emigration to her shores. Then, again, the Australians themselves do not very eagerly welcome immigrants, as many Australian workmen think the new arrivals mean less work for them. That, of course, is a profound mistake, for the resources and natural wealth of the continent can never be developed properly unless a larger number of people live there.

The Australians are anxious to preserve their country as a White Man's Land, but that can only be done if they resolve to make immigrants welcome and to increase rather than to retard the growth of the people.

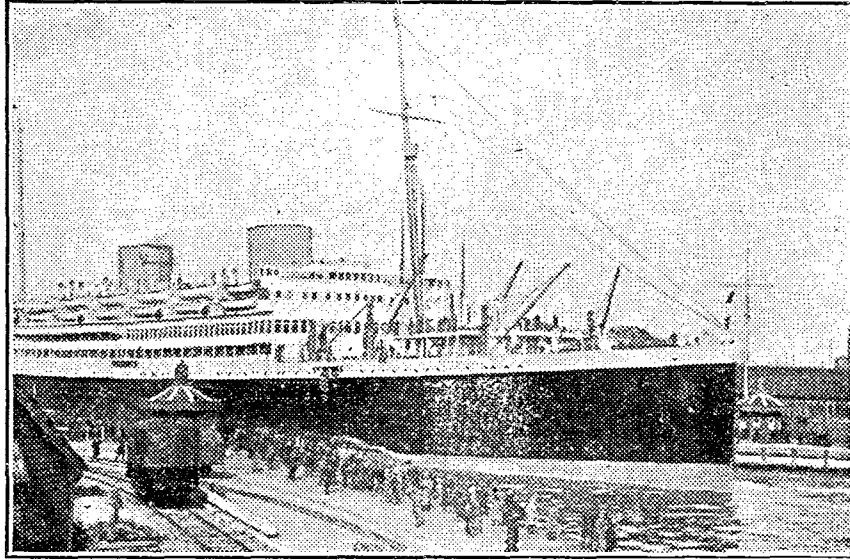
## JUSTICE IN THE STREET

### A New Vienna Law

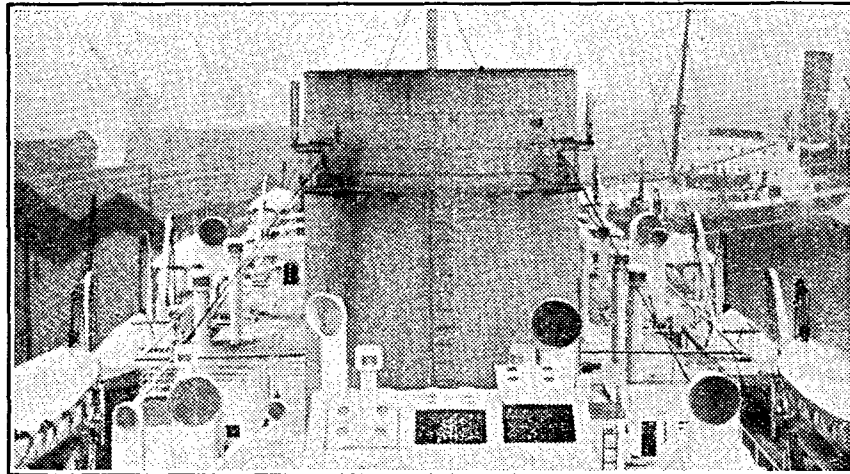
A new law has come into force in Vienna by which the police are empowered to fine on the spot offenders who jump on or off moving tramcars, hold up traffic unnecessarily, or litter the streets, at 1s. 2d. a time.

In the first nineteen days 7272 cases were dealt with in this way.

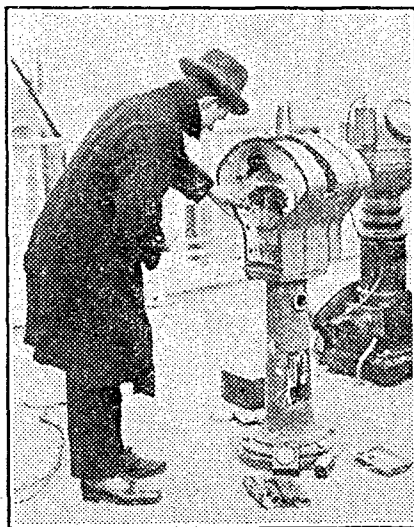
## THE WORLD'S BIGGEST MOTOR SHIP



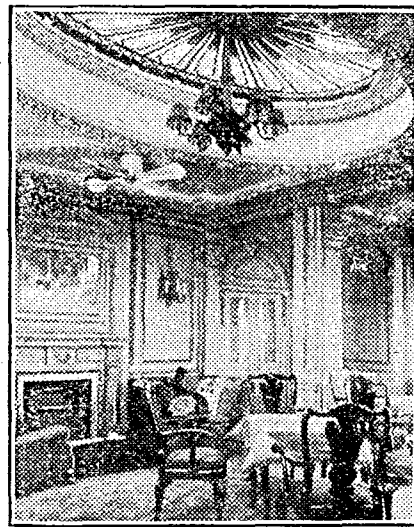
The Asturias starting from Southampton on her maiden voyage



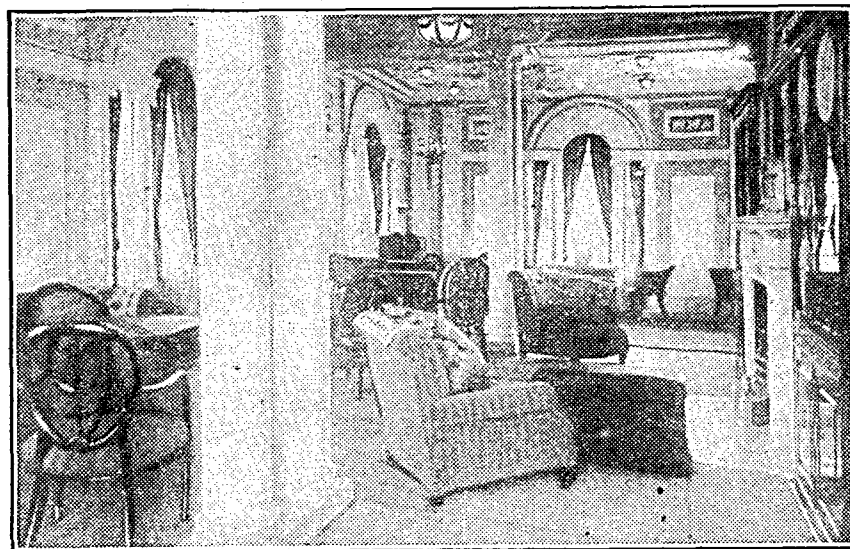
The motor-liner seen from the top of one of her funnels



Fitting the ship's telegraph



Inside the first-class lounge



The sumptuous first-class reading-room

The world's biggest motor-liner is now on its way to Buenos Aires from Southampton, and these pictures give some idea of its size and luxury. It has a displacement of over 22,000 tons and is all-British in construction, having been built and fitted out at Harland & Wolff's Yard at Belfast. The driving power is electricity

## EVERYBODY TALKING OF THE LEAGUE

### THE REASON WHY

#### Too Many Nations Wanting to Join the Council

#### DANGER OF THE OLD SPIRIT

Once more everybody is talking about the League of Nations. That in itself is an excellent thing.

What people are discussing is the number of members the League Council should have. The Assembly is the whole body of the nations; the Council is the Executive. The Council consists of the Great Powers as permanent members, with other members elected each year by the Assembly.

It is being suggested that with Germany joining as a Great Power, and becoming a permanent member, some other countries should be added as permanent members which are not Great Powers, and France is supporting the idea. But people of all parties in Britain are strongly against it.

#### The Spirit of the League

The first reason why they are against it is that they think the Council is large enough already, or will be, when the United States and Russia take the permanent seats that are being kept for them as Great Powers. Hitherto there have been ten members of the Council. All their important decisions have been unanimous, and it is clear that the more members there are the more difficult unanimous decisions will be.

But, it is asked, why need the decisions be unanimous? The reason is that when a majority will do people are apt to be careless of the minority's point of view; whereas if a unanimous decision is required the minority must be considered and conciliated in every way, so as to gain their support. That is the spirit in which all the League's best work is done.

#### Authority and Numbers

When executives are too big they tend to take too much authority to themselves and to dwarf the authority of the full body of members. This would especially be so in this case if the Council were enlarged by the addition of more permanent members who could not be turned off if the Assembly did not like what they did.

It is felt that if more members were really needed to do the work of the Council the additions should be made by electing them at the annual meetings of the Assembly, but the truth is that we should aim at decreasing, not increasing, the permanent members.

The Great Powers were made permanent members because when the League was in its infancy they could not have been persuaded to give up their authority to smaller Powers; and also because their big armaments were felt to be necessary to support the League's authority. Those reasons, no doubt, still hold good, but as the League spirit grows stronger such reasons will have less force.

#### Attempts to Pack the Jury

What is feared in Britain, and in Sweden, and in many of the smaller countries, is that if more permanent members are admitted to the Council there will be attempts to get particular Powers chosen because they may be expected to take particular views— attempts, that is, to "pack the jury."

That, indeed, is what has actually been happening; people have made no secret of their wish to get Powers on to the Council who might be relied on to side with France against Germany when any question came up regarding the Treaty of Versailles. To pander to such a spirit would be to undo all the good of the Locarno Pact and to destroy the whole foundations of the League.



## THE PEOPLE WHO NEVER GROW OLD

### AMUNDSEN'S SPIRIT OF YOUTH

#### An Old Lady Who Swam in the Arctic at Seventy

#### TWO SWIMMER POETS

Captain Amundsen's attempt to fly to the North Pole is to be challenged by a British aerial expedition which is to endeavour to outfly him.

Should the race take place and end in his defeat Amundsen will have no cause for complaint, for in reaching the South Pole he stole a march on Scott, turning up in the South unannounced in a ship which had been commissioned for the North Pole.

But time does not stand still with this daring Viking. He is now 53, and the question is asked, Is he not too old for so hazardous an undertaking? The First Lord of the Admiralty in 1845 asked the same question when Sir John Franklin was setting out North for the most glorious and most tragic voyage of his career. Was he not too old?

#### Swinburne and the Sea

"Why, my lord, I am only 59!" answered the old lion.

Now, there died the other day a lady of 85 who would have considered both Franklin and Amundsen mere boys for Polar work, for she, during one of her frequent visits to Iceland, swam in the Arctic Ocean at 70! She was Mrs. Disney Leith, a cousin of Swinburne the poet and herself a gifted writer, who published not only stories in orthodox English but in the attractive Scottish dialect, and gave us admirable translations of Icelandic prose and poetry.

If she had a touch of the poet's facility with the pen he had all her love of the sea. The sight of this marvellous, frail little man gliding elf-like through the tumultuous waves of boiling seas made the watcher almost believe in the sea fables of the old writers whom Swinburne loved and rivalled.

#### Like a Buoy in the Waves

No other poet ever gave us more joyous pictures of the sea. He was indeed one that

*Makes seaward for the dawn, and tries  
The water with delighted limbs  
That taste the sweet dark sea, and swims  
Right Eastward under strengthening skies.*

That is part of an unmatched song of himself as a swimmer, yet he, though buoyant as a cork in the water and rejoicing in it, was not a great swimmer. He was feeble and lacked muscular strength to a degree that was almost unbelievable.

His father, the admiral, would pitch him out to sea like a weighted feather, and he would float and toss like a buoy in the waves, effortless but unexhausted. Yet that weakness was once almost fatal, for an under-tow caught him off the shore at Etretat, in Normandy, and swept him away, floating helplessly, a mile or more out to sea.

#### A Gracious Old Lady

The sound of his own voice as he screamed for aid terrified him, and so he became silent, imagining that in a few moments he would be dead, drowned at the same age as Shelley when he was engulfed. But of course he was saved, and lived for half a century.

Swinburne could not have copied the feat of Leander in swimming the Dardanelles to meet his lover, Hero; but Byron could and did more than once; yet even he could not excel in valour this gracious old lady whom loving hands have now laid to rest in the Isle of Wight, and who swam the Arctic at 70.

## NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



### Gathered by

An order for a thousand pianos was given to a single firm at the British Industries Fair at the White City.

A blackbird's nest with two eggs in it was found in a Devizes garden before the end of February.

#### Pink Promenade

The seawall promenade at Frinton is to be coloured pink to minimise the glare of the concrete in bright sunshine.

#### A Frog Stops the Water Supply

When the water supply was unaccountably stopped near Oswestry a frog was found wedged in the pipes.

#### A Plough from the Long Ago

An ancient Egyptian plough with a wooden share and leather thongs has been discovered in a tomb on the site of Thebes.

#### Nearly Seventy Years a Sexton

Mr. George Foxell, who has just died at Reading two months short of a hundred years, was a church sexton for nearly seventy years.

#### Rumania's Financial Troubles

In Rumania today, reckoning in English money, a judge has a salary of thirty shillings a week and a typist ninepence a day.

#### A Brave Deed

Alfred Welding has been awarded the Edward Medal for jumping into a vat of scalding acid at Widnes to rescue a youth who had fallen in.

#### The Magnet on the Road

Road-cleaning trucks carrying powerful magnets are used in America for keeping highways clear of nails, scrap iron, and other metal rubbish.

#### A New South Wales Problem

In spite of Labour members the Legislative Council of New South Wales has, by 47 votes to 41, refused to vote its own extinction.

#### Ireland's New Coins

It is saving, not sentiment, which prompts the proposal for new coins for Southern Ireland—the saving of about £500,000, says a C.N. correspondent writing from Cork.

#### The Nine Sons

All the nine sons of Mr. James Price, a distinguished civil engineer, took degrees at Trinity College, Dublin. Many of their sons in their turn have done the same.

#### Compulsory Voting

A study of the result of compulsory voting in Australia shows that the number who did not vote and had no proper excuse was not more than one per cent.

#### Surgery 1600 Years Ago

A skeleton dating from about A.D. 300, and found near Portsmouth, has a broken thigh-bone which Sir Arthur Keith declares was set in a way that would not discredit a modern surgeon.

#### C.N. Monthly Picture Gallery

The Shakespeare pictures from My Magazine, which have recently been exhibited in the Chadwick Museum at Bolton, were there seen by sixty classes of children.

#### Black and White

In the great oil districts of America it has been found that oil stored in white-painted oil tanks keeps cooler and evaporates more slowly than oil stored in dark tanks.

#### Smoke Travels 630 Miles

As a result of the huge bush fires in New South Wales ships at sea have experienced a strong smell of burning 150 miles from the shore, while the presence of smoke has been detected 630 miles away.

#### England 500 Years Ago

Messrs. Batsford, the publishers, have just issued two splendid volumes giving a pictorial record of the Life and Work of the People of England in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

#### Mr. Young Obliges

A woman witness in Nottingham police court, being asked if a friend could not hold her baby, said she had no friends in court, whereupon a solicitor, Mr. R. A. Young, took the baby while the mother gave evidence.

## A WATCH THAT WILL GO FOR YEARS

### A Great Discovery

Something which will make the works of a watch go round for years without attention has been discovered by Paul Dittscheim, the Swiss watchmaker who holds the world's records since 1903.

He has discovered a way of using mineral oil for lubricating a watch instead of the fat oils which have been necessary up to now. The trouble with mineral oils is that they insist on spreading instead of staying on the parts where the oil is wanted. On the other hand they have great advantages in frosty weather. Mr. Dittscheim has found that by covering the parts to be oiled with a substance called ethal a mineral oil can now be used, which means that it will be possible to make watches go for a much longer time without attention.

## A CAT-PROOF GARDEN

### Bird Sanctuary in the Heart of London

One of the only two gardens in the City of London attached to a private house has been made into a sanctuary for birds.

It is the garden of the Rectory of St. Andrew-by-the-Wardrobe, and is very small. But a former rector, Mr. Clement-Smith, who died not long ago, had high walls built round it and made it cat-proof.

The result is that birds that are shy of London streets as a rule have been attracted to the garden and have built their nests in its plane trees, side by side with London's more familiar feathered friends, the sparrows.

## THOSE WHO WILL NOT WORK

### Russia Has an Idea

If a man will not work neither shall he eat is the stern motto of Bolshevik Russia. It is a searching test!

There has been some backsliding in the application of this and other Communist principles of late, but a time of greater rigour is coming. It is announced that next autumn what are quaintly called "the unworking elements of the population" are to be evicted from all dwellings in "central towns."

If that purge were applied to London what an exodus there would be—not only from the East End, but from the West End too!

## A NEW PARACHUTE

### Safe Landing from a Low Height

Tests at Nancy of a new French army parachute have proved highly satisfactory. After dummies had been dropped by parachute and landed quietly several officers and volunteers equipped with the new parachute jumped from aeroplanes travelling only about 150 feet from the ground. All landed safely on the aerodrome.

## IF MICHAEL ANGELO WERE ALIVE

### By George Bernard Shaw

If Michael Angelo were now alive I have not the slightest doubt that he would have his letter-box filled with proposals from the greatest film firms to consecrate his powers to the delineation of Felix the Cat instead of painting the Sistine Chapel; but I think his duty would lie in the direction of frescoes and sculpture rather than of Los Angeles.

## BILLS BY THE MILLION

As the French Government has not destroyed its old bills for more than a century it now has to store 2,400 tons of useless documents, and in future all bills are to be destroyed after six years.

## THREE MEN IN A BOAT

### A Brave Sight in a Storm-Tossed Sea

#### A LITTLE CURRACH'S GREAT DEED

While the world is still ringing with stories of gallant rescues on the high seas Mr. Stephen Gwynn asks us to honour the crew of a little nameless currach on the Galway coast.

The other day, at five o'clock on a stormy morning, the Tenby Castle struck Inishturk, a rocky island off Galway. She had a crew of twelve men, and she was a steam trawler from Swansea. The waves were running a hundred feet high. It was with the greatest difficulty that the lifeboat was launched, and then the men found it impossible to land. The danger of being smashed to fragments on that terrible coast was too great. All the shipwrecked men could do was to put forth every ounce of strength to keep the boat out to sea. Half-drowned, half-frozen, and well-nigh exhausted, they had almost given up hope when they saw something dancing toward them over that fearful sea.

#### Storm-Bound for Four Days

It was a currach. These little canoes are made of tarred canvas stretched over willow rods. They hold three men, and are easily carried about. The men who use them are simple Gaelic-speaking fisherfolk, who make a hard living by their nets and lines. The steam trawlers are their natural enemies, for they sweep away the islander's trade.

Yet the currach pulled out to the storm-tossed boat, and towed it to land at great peril to the Gaels, who had never paddled with such a weight behind their canoe. Never would they have ventured out to sea in such a storm if lives had not been at stake.

So terrible was the storm that no boat could take them from the isle to the mainland for four days. Meanwhile, said the shipwrecked men of their rescuers, "they mothered us."

It is not an epic of the sea, and yet it was a very great deed.

## THE NEW JOY IN THE HOSPITALS

### Wireless at Its Best

The joy that wireless brings into the life of the hospitals, as seen in this note from a Birmingham correspondent, makes it infinitely regrettable that the B.B.C. should spoil its programmes with such an unhappy and painful little play as was broadcast a few weeks ago.

One weary life was made much brighter by an incident in a Midland hospital the other day.

A wireless installation had just been completed, and the visitors were touring the wards.

One of them was Mr. Percy Edgar, the director of the Birmingham Station, and someone introduced him to a patient, a woman who had lain in hospital for 53 weeks.

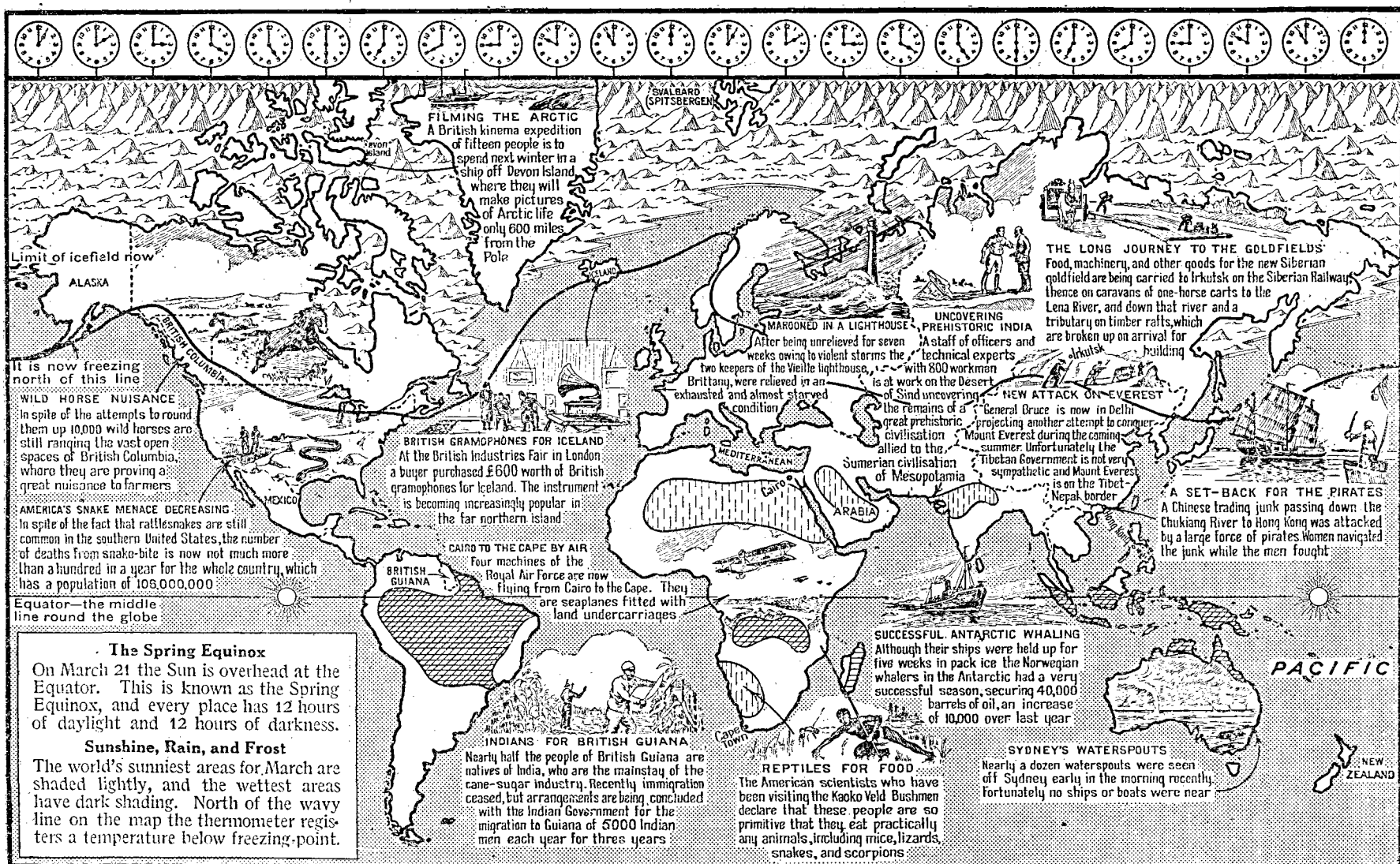
She told him what joy it gave her now to put the ear-phones on each night and listen to 5 I.T. "Well," said Mr. Edgar, "put them on tonight and I will send a message all for yourself."

Sure enough, when she put the ear-phones on in the evening 5 I.T. was talking about her, Uncle Edgar relating to the Uncles and Aunts how he had met her, while they all joined in a cheery message.

It was at the same hospital, on another day not long ago, that an old man who was being removed to the operating theatre begged the doctors to "get it over quickly" so that he would be in time to listen to the evening programme.



## PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING WEATHER ALL OVER THE WORLD



## 90 YEARS OF GOOD LIFE A Grand Old Man of the Church

It is not often that we can wish "many happy returns" to anyone born the year before the Victorian Era began, but a C.N. correspondent was happy to be able to do so a week or two ago to Dr. Eugene Stock.

For longer than the time many of our grandparents have been alive Dr. Stock has devoted his life to work for missions and Sunday Schools, and his book of Sunday School lesson aids for teachers, the first ever produced, is still selling. Over half a million copies have been published.

For a generation Dr. Stock was secretary of the C.M.S., and saw the number of its missionaries grow from under 300 to over 1300.

Born in London on February 26, 1836, Dr. Stock spent most of his boyhood in the country. He remembers coming up to London, however, to see the Duke of Wellington's funeral in 1852, and getting a bird's-eye view of the great plumed hearse from the top of a house.

He taught himself Greek in his dinner hour and at other odd times when he was a youth in a City office. Soon after he became secretary of the C.M.S. he was present at the historic meeting which took up the challenge of Sir H. M. Stanley that Uganda should be opened up by missionaries. Alexander Mackay, the great Uganda missionary, sent Dr. Stock the last letter he wrote before he died.

Dr. Stock remembers hearing Charles Dickens deliver a most dramatic speech at Covent Garden Theatre at a meeting protesting against Lord Palmerston's conduct of the Crimean War, and he also heard Thackeray lecture in the old Surrey Gardens in Walworth.

Dr. Stock himself has been a great speaker and lecturer, and he claims to have spoken in practically every town in England for missions or Sunday Schools.

## THE CLOUD SHIP OF THE FUTURE Fiery Gas That Holds it Back WAITING FOR HELIUM

The world's production of helium is still small, but when this non-inflammable gas is available cheaply and in large quantities travel by airship will probably be popular.

As the flights to America have shown, airships are capable of making long journeys, but the vessels are still rather crude affairs compared with what will be possible when helium is generally used.

With the helium-filled airship it will be possible to have passenger and crew accommodation, and even the engines, inside the hull instead of suspended beneath the envelope as now. Thus greater speeds will be attained owing to the reduced head-resistance.

Plans are already being made for a vessel of this type by the Goodyear-Zeppelin Company of America, and it is to be the biggest airship in the world. It is to be 850 feet long, with a gas capacity of six and a half million cubic feet. It is being designed to carry a hundred passengers at 75 miles an hour for 8000 miles.

## A DOG AND HIS BANKING ACCOUNT

### Collecting for Sick Animals

Yelverstone, an Airedale dog owned by Commander Davenport, has opened up an account at a bank in Bond Street.

His deposit was £5, the first instalment of £100 which he is to collect for the Poor People's Dispensaries for Sick Animals. Yelverstone goes from door to door, rings the bell, and presents his box to receive contributions.

### Pronunciations in This Paper

|                   |             |
|-------------------|-------------|
| Deruta . . . . .  | Day-roo-tah |
| Palermo . . . . . | Pah-ler-mo  |
| Sadowa . . . . .  | Sah-do-vah  |

## WORLD'S BIG NAVIES America at the Top 100 MORE SHIPS THAN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

The Admiralty has issued particulars of the navies of the seven Great Powers which show that the United States has now the largest number of vessels, 543 to our 444. She has the same number of battleships as we have, and only 38 cruisers to our 51; but she has 309 destroyers to our 172 and 120 submarines to our 56.

Taking ships built and building, the figures for the seven Powers are:

British Empire, 479; United States, 579; Japan, 284; France, 346; Italy, 302; Russia, 206; Germany, 88.

France is building fastest. Germany has eight battleships, nine cruisers, 16 destroyers, 16 torpedo-boats, three gunboats, and 35 mine-sweepers, but no submarines. She has one destroyer under construction.

## CALM AND SILENT FROM THE CLOUDS

### How Eight Figures Came Down

A touring party motoring past an Air Force aerodrome the other day saw no fewer than eight parachute descents from a huge aeroplane, all being released within thirty seconds.

It was a wonderful sight to behold the whole eight in the air at once, each a little lower and a little farther away than the other.

The motorists could quite plainly see the figures of the descending airmen as they hung calm and immobile from their parachutes, but, to their amazement, as one by one the men reached the ground not one of them stirred.

Dashing up to the rescue, and fearing the worst, the agitated motorists came up to the nearest of the air heroes, and found that he was a dummy! So, of course, were the other seven.

## END OF A FAMOUS BRIGAND BAND A Feather in Mussolini's Cap

A world-famous band of brigands has just been broken up in Sicily.

The Mafia was originally a secret society formed by the soldiers of Garibaldi after the first War of Independence, when they returned to find the whole country demoralised and the weak oppressed. They took the law into their own hands and administered justice by secret means. They meant well, but it was inevitable that such lawlessness would itself degenerate into a tyranny, and the Mafia became in time a mere organisation of common thieves and murderers, saved from betrayal by terrorism.

Many efforts were made for their suppression, but the spies sent against them were either murdered or joined their ranks, and the people dared not help. It was only last summer that the work of suppression was undertaken on an adequate scale.

The Prefect of Palermo, Signor Mori, was given a free hand and plenty of men and money, and he was made responsible direct to Signor Mussolini himself. An army of trustworthy agents secured membership of the different branches of the organisation, and soon a list of the leaders, with the crimes of which they were guilty, was in the Prefect's hands.

Then followed a quick series of night raids with the aid of a fleet of fast motor-cars. Over seventy suspects were arrested in a night, and cordons of police prevented the news from spreading till all the two hundred wanted men were under lock and key. When the people saw that the authorities meant business information against their oppressors was readily forthcoming. Without their leaders the rank-and-file were helpless, and today, we are told, the power of the Mafia is utterly broken.



## CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

MARCH 20

1926

## We Are Seven

WE are seven years old this week. We have lived through seven of the greatest years that have ever been.

They have not been seven of the best; for though we came with peace and daffodils we were born into a world of trouble. Yet all the time the trouble has been passing, the clouds have been rolling away. Never were the violets so sweet, the tulips so bright, the daffodils so gay, as now.

It has been a wonderful seven years, almost too wonderful for words. We have been into every country in the world, in palaces and cottages, in great schools and little wigwams, in the vast spaces of Africa and Canada and Australia, in the crowded cities of the East, on tiny islands in the Pacific, and in lonely lighthouses. Sometimes we have found a professor looking at us in a university, or a famous author peeping through us at his desk, and we have lain on a Prime Minister's table. A very thrilling life ours has been.

And it has been worth while, in spite of all the trouble. It is always worth while to carry good cheer and goodwill about the world. We have seen the rise of broadcasting, and for our part we have done our best to broadcast what is cheerful in the world. We have found out people doing splendid things, we have heard them saying noble things, we have seen them making lovely things, and we have passed them on. We have never lost our faith in kindness and goodness; we have never once believed that the world will not come right again.

And now the daffodils are here once more. It seems a good time for all of us to have good courage. What could be better for us, as the year unfolds in glory after glory, than that we should take stock and see what we are living for and fighting for? What is it we believe in?

We believe that, whatever happens, all is well with the world. We believe that as the ship of Earth goes sailing on its way through space our Father is on the bridge: He guides the vessel and controls the storm. We believe that, though evil dies slowly, it must surely die, for never yet has evil conquered good. We believe that though there are Governments that are blind and deaf, and have learned nothing from the war, the great heart of mankind has never loved peace so well as now, has never hated war so much; and we believe that the League to which we anchor all our hopes will come to harbour safe and sound at last.

We believe—but there is not room enough to say what we believe. We will leave it there: we still, in spite of all, believe. A. M.



## THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



## A Long Time Ago

A friend of ours met the other day a man whose father was born in 1798.

SINCE we printed the above note a week or two ago we have received several cases known to our readers.

This, for instance, comes from S. B., at Bournemouth:

*I can go one better than this. My father was born in 1785, four years before the French Revolution. I came to light in 1844.*

But S. B. is easily beaten by H. T., still living in the cathedral close at Norwich, still reading the C.N. each week, a century and a half after his father was born.—H. T. is 85, and his father was born in 1775.

The father of a Lincolnshire reader of 82 was born in 1786; another case goes back to 1782; and a Winchester reader tells us that his eldest brother died in the year after Waterloo, his father having been born in 1787 and married in 1814.

## A Silver Lining

A French astronomer declares That, owing to some strange affairs

Occurring up in heaven,  
Our weather will be wild and wet  
And charged with thunder till we get To 1927.

At this, of course, you won't complain,  
But gladly echo this humane  
Remark of Peter Puck's:  
*How this will please the poor dumb worms,  
And benefit umbrella firms,  
And gratify the ducks!*

## For Seventy Years

AMONG recent wills we have noticed a notable one. It was made by Stephen Ronan.

He was a wealthy man, but not so very rich as to stagger us by the sum he left. The thing about his will which makes it memorable is that he left a thousand pounds to Sir James Magill in memory of seventy years of friendship. When the testator died he was seventy-seven.

It is pleasant to think of how that friendship began. Did two very little boys meet at a Christmas-party? It was long ago, in the days of crinoline dresses for little girls and velvet suits for little boys. No one dreamed then of motor-cars, airships, and kinematographs. How times have changed! But the friendship begun at seven years old did not change.

When the rest of the world treats you as an old man, only fit to be nursed and humoured, it is very good to have someone left who remembers that you were young. We may be sure that whenever these old friends met their happiest talks began with *Do you remember?*

We wish all our readers such a friendship.

## Ego

THAT good friend of all good things Sir Henry Newbolt has been speaking about Ego, the other name we have for Self, and what he said seems to be worth remembering:

*We all worship something. The worst thing we can possibly worship is Ego. Ego is a bad little god, thoroughly bad.*

It is true. The course of human affairs would be vastly different if Ego did not hold such sway. We all render homage to him, but he is nearly always selfishness itself.

Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian poet, has a charming way of referring to the little god Ego, which shows that he is aware of its almost constant presence. He calls it *The little Talking Thing that comes with me.*

## Tip-Cat

TO be a man among men, says the Chief Scout, you must have a will. And occasionally a won't.

THE older workman is the best all-round man. Though, of course, he acts on the square.

ODD that the girl who has nothing to wear should need three wardrobes to keep it in.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE finds it difficult to get Britishers to make a start. They have been through so much that nothing moves them.



PETER PUCK  
WANTS  
TO KNOW  
If game-keepers  
ever play games

A CELEBRATED judge found being filmed extremely boring. Yet it was the judge who went through it.

A SCOTSMAN in the Midlands declared the other day that he was walking back to his

own country. Because he was in no hurry to get there?

HOW, asks a writer, can people live long lives? By not dying.

CANADA announces that anyone willing to work is welcome. Bad news for many people.

## The Bishop's Prayer

One of our bishops is said to have sent a card with these lines to each of his clergy.

Give me a good digestion, Lord,  
And also something to digest;  
Give me a healthy body, Lord,  
And sense to keep it at its best.  
Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,  
To keep the pure and good in sight,  
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled  
To find the way to set it right.  
Give me a mind that is not bored,  
That does not whimper, whine, or sigh;  
Don't let me worry overmuch  
About the fussy thing called I.  
Give me a sense of humour, Lord;  
Give me the grace to see a joke,  
To get some happiness in life  
And pass it on to other folk.

## When Spring Comes Back from France and Spain

By Our Country Girl

WHEN the Spring comes back out of France and Spain, From the brown rock coast and the yellow plain, She is glad of the English green again.

Where the rich folk sought her long ago  
The Mediterranean waters glow,  
But the fresh green grass can never grow.

And the Spring is not in the heart of these  
Faithless folk who have crossed the seas  
For the shrivelled vines and the cactus trees.

She would have us wait through the wind and rain  
For the fairest sight that a man can gain,  
For the dawn of Spring in an English lane.

And the heart she loves is the child's athirst  
To behold the buds of the apple burst,  
And to say *I heard the cuckoo first!*

## Locarno Long Ago

By a Travelling Correspondent

NOT far from Locarno a little band of idealists settled in the days when Tolstoy set the world thinking with his powerful novels and original ideas. They founded a settlement where all was to be liberty, equality, fraternity.

They could not have found a more ideal place for their experiment, and no doubt it succeeded so long as the enthusiasm of the first settlers lasted; but unfortunately for them their little world could not be run on ideals alone. The children born into it yearned toward the wider workaday world that surrounded them, and little by little the colony deteriorated.

Very few of the original settlers remain; but if you go to Locarno and take the boat to Brissago, the frontier village between Switzerland and Italy, you may perhaps see a strange figure striding up and down the deck, and you may well think that the Ancient Mariner is back with us, "his beard is so weedy and long, and so weedy and long is he."

His beard and hair have been bleached and dried by the sun and wind until they resemble that fibrous substance that protects and disfigures the trunk of the palm tree. His boots have long said good-bye to blacking and are held together by string. But these small matters affect him as little as a shaggy mane would affect a wild horse, and his rather vague blue eyes never trouble to glance at his fellow-passengers. They sweep the far distance over their heads, and you can only envy him his utter detachment.

He is one of the living memories of that other Pact of Locarno in the days of Tolstoy.



March 20, 1926

## The Children's Newspaper

7

THE BRAVE LITTLE  
PIT PONYHIS STORY BY THE MEN  
WHO KNOW HIMMine-Owners and Miners on  
the FactsLAUGHING FOR AN HOUR  
IN THE SUN

Our article on The Miner Who Cannot Cry Out has brought us some very interesting letters discussing the fate of pit ponies. They are written by men who know.

From a well-known Nottinghamshire controller of collieries we have received some interesting comments modifying our statement that inspectors of the R.S.P.C.A. are not allowed down the mines. He points out that no strangers can possibly be allowed in mines except by permission and special arrangement, for it would be most inconvenient to the working of the pit, and dangerous to the visitors unless they were accompanied.

## The Point at Issue

Under such necessary arrangements there is no reason why an inspector of the R.S.P.C.A. should not go down a mine. There are, however, Government Inspectors of the Mines Department whose duty it is to inspect the ponies, and who do inspect them. Our correspondent invites the Editor to go and see the ponies for himself.

Of course, we recognise the care for the ponies exercised by mine managers generally, the goodwill toward them of the miners, and the frequent friendship of the boy drivers for their animals; but the point is that the ponies should not be in the pit at all. That feeling is deepened by the letters we have received, from which we select several points of importance.

## The Commonest Complaint

A Durham miner brings out these good features. The stables are excellent, and food and water are sufficient. Cases of ill-usage are detected, for each pony is carefully examined when it finishes work, and the least mark on it has to be accounted for. Cruelty is generally the work of new boys. Ninety-nine per cent of the boys deal gently with their ponies, and some simply love them.

On the other side is the over-work done by the ponies. Nearly all work two shifts of seven hours each day, and the best workers work the longest, sometimes three shifts.

This is the commonest complaint. Why should a pony work twice as hard as a man? One of our correspondents has known them go out at 10 p.m. and stay at work till 2 p.m. the following day.

## Ponies as Life-Savers

A deputy overman gives some instances of the intelligence of the animals. He tells us of a small pony which was buried by a fall of stone. "We thought he was dead (he writes), but hurried the stones off his neck and legs before any more fell, and then found he was alive. He was not a miner who could not cry out, for as soon as he got his wind he simply shouted. He held his head up for us to lift him, and gave us his fore-legs one by one. If ever an animal talked he did. We had him out in three minutes, a little lame, but he was back at his work in three days."

The same correspondent says he could give many cases in which the ponies have saved a lad's life. Some years ago, when the men in a part of the pit lost their lives through an inrush of water, the ponies saved the boys. They heard the noise before the boys. The boys let them go, held on to their tails, and they brought them to the shaft bottom. The ponies never lose their way even if there is no light.

"I am supposed to be an expert on stone (this correspondent writes), but the ponies have warned me more than

THE HORSES AT THE  
BULL-FIGHT  
Cruelty to Go On

It appears that the new law about using horses at Spanish bull-fights is not so satisfactory as early reports suggested.

A decree has been issued that domestic animals must be "protected" from injury, but this does not mean, as was supposed, that they must not be used in bull-fights—only that they must be "protected from wounding."

It seems that there is to be allowed a little more cruelty than was supposed, the horses being provided with a shield to prevent the horns of the bulls from piercing them.

The day when this savagery disappears from Spanish life is clearly not yet. It is strange that such things can be tolerated in a country belonging to the League of Nations.

PUBLIC SPIRIT  
Some Fine Examples from  
the Empire

The unfortunate but public-spirited people who subscribed to the guarantee fund for Wembley and are now left to make up the loss have received some very welcome and unexpected help from overseas.

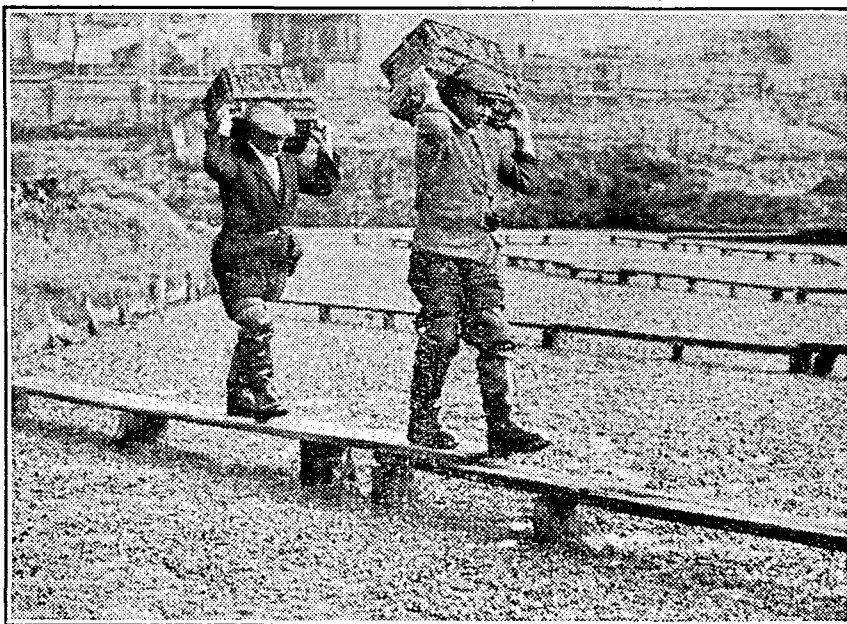
The Government of Southern Rhodesia has returned the £500 granted to it by the Exhibition authorities toward the cost of exhibiting in the second year, the results of the Exhibition having been so satisfactory that Rhodesia feels it should return the grant to ease the burden of the guarantors.

A similar contribution has been made by Ceylon; and Australia, Canada, and South Africa have made the magnificent gifts of their wonderful pavilions for the same purpose.

## GATHERING THE WATERCRESS HARVEST



Gathering the cress from the beds



Carrying the cress across the beds

The watercress harvest is now in full swing in the St. Albans district, and hundreds of baskets are being packed daily and sent to all parts of England. Here we see the cress being gathered in the beds where it grows

once. They hear much quicker than we do. Stone creeps before it is going to fall, and they understand the sound. I remember a case. A young boy who had not long begun work was urging his pony forward, but it would not stir. Coming after him I heard him use the whip, and shouted to him to stop and listen. Instantly down crashed the stone in front of the pony. If it had gone forward when whipped both boy and pony would have been killed."

One of our correspondents, referring to the joy shown by the ponies when they are brought out of the pit during a strike, says: "I have seen a pony when it has got back into a field simply laugh for a full hour."

Our letters show in a delightful way the spirit of kindness prevailing widely

among miners. One of them says: "Your papers have made me take a great liking to dumb creatures. I used to drive a pony, and at times was not too kind to it. How much I regret that is beyond my expression in words. I have shot and killed everything within reach before now; but I am no longer able to kill the defenceless creatures that fill the world with beauty and song."

We trust the time is not far distant when it will be felt by a majority of men that the life of a pit pony is such as ought not to be exacted from any animal; and that a kindred sympathy will extend to the miner's dangerous lot and secure him a just reward.

We regret that in our original article we spoke of Mr. Dickson as the present, instead of the former, M.P. for Lanark.

A CAT'S MAGNA  
CARTAPUSSY AMONG THE  
PIGEONSThree Great Judges Solemnly  
Look Into ItFAMOUS NIGHT ROAMER  
IN LEEDS

There is a cat in Leeds which will go down to posterity as famed as the Cheshire Cat, or the proverbial cat which has eaten the canary. It has passed beyond the judgment of the Appeal Court, which decided a protracted law case, but we may suppose that in the realms where good cats go, and where there are unlimited supplies of canaries (and pigeons), the Leeds cat will bear a smile like its brother of Cheshire.

Its exploits have already won honourable mention in the pages of the C.N., where they were first recorded when they came into court.

## A Damaging Raid

The cat belonged to Mr. Holmes, and organised a damaging raid, in which it was the sole raider, on the pigeons and bantams of Mr. Buckle, a neighbour. This is no place for defending its action. Its bag was thirteen homing pigeons and two bantams.

The pigeons were valuable. Mr. Buckle had trained them for flying, and he would have been more than human if he had not tried to induce Mr. Holmes to pay for the damage. Mr. Holmes, while not defending his cat (for which, indeed, he seems to have agreed that the Leeds back gardens were no proper place), protested that he could not keep it from roaming or help what it did while it was out of his sight. If it killed pigeons he was not responsible.

## Award of the Lords Justices

That was the case on which Mr. Buckle went to law, and took his action from the County Court to the King's Bench and finally to the High Court of Appeal, where Lords Justices Bankes, Warrington, and Atkin gravely sat upon it for two days. Their judgment, which may be considered the Cat's Magna Carta, is that the cat is a domestic and not a dangerous animal. If it had been a dangerous animal, like its cousin the tiger, and had been allowed to get loose, its owner might be held responsible for damage done. If it had been an elephant and had trespassed the same liability would have been incurred.

But as a cat it was entitled to be regarded as harmless and necessary till its conduct proved it otherwise; and the law of trespass did not apply to its wanderings over roofs and walls.

So that, apparently, the cat that walks by itself may continue to walk among the pigeons. That is to say, one man may keep a cat and another may keep a pigeon, and the law has nothing to do with the relations between them.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM  
AMONG THE MICE

## A Little Mistake

A Lancashire reader describes an incident which happened a few days ago and shows how animals make mistakes in choosing a home for themselves and their young.

A neighbour of ours, while in one of the main thoroughfares of the town, was greatly surprised by a mouse running from her shoulder down into the street.

When she arrived home and told her son of what had happened he asked to examine the fur she had been wearing. Before that day she had not worn the fur for a considerable time.

On cutting open the lining he found a nest of young mice covering in a corner.



## PICKING UP A HEAT WAVE

### The Latest Wireless Idea AND AN OLD-FASHIONED DOUBT

When a President of a Society of Heating Engineers predicts that some day heat waves may be broadcast as surely as sound waves we are bound to listen to him with respect; but when he goes on to add, as Professor Dibble did the other day in addressing his American colleagues, that the receiver will be able to amplify the heat wave when it arrives we begin to wonder what kind of apparatus can ever put out more energy than is put in.

The energy which comes from the Sun as light is converted into heat when it falls on suitable receivers, such as our own bodies; and by focusing the energetic light rays through a lens, or by a reflector, the heat can be amplified at a given spot. But it can never be increased to an amount or a temperature greater than that of its source.

So until the professor tells us more exactly what he means by broadcasting hot air and amplifying it we shall only expect heat waves to come from America in the ordinary way in summer.

## FROM THE EMPIRE'S FORESTS

### Immense Order for Timber

The London and North Eastern Railway, wishing to buy a quantity of timber for sleepers, printed these words on their note of tender: "Preference will be given to Canadian Timbers."

In a short time this resulted in an order being placed with British Columbia for 26 million feet of Douglas Fir in the place of Baltic Pine which had been used hitherto.

This huge order is said to be more than the total timber export of British Columbia to the United Kingdom for the whole of 1923.

The British Admiralty has also agreed to use Douglas Fir for decking certain new ships, and the Board of Trade has decided to use it in the construction of lifeboats.

## SOMETHING AS HARD AS DIAMONDS

### A New Discovery

A discovery has been made by the Roehling steelworks at Wetzlar, in Prussia, enabling a material as hard as diamonds to be produced.

It is made by melting a mixture of tungsten and tungsten carbide in the electric furnace at a temperature of 3000 degrees Centigrade, when a substance is formed which will take the place of diamonds for such scientific work as glass-cutting, polishing, and so on. The news of this discovery comes at the same time as the news that carbon has been melted by Dr. Alterthum and some other German chemists. The making of molten or fused carbon is the first step toward making diamonds, and some interesting results may perhaps follow on the discovery at Wetzlar.

## A MAN OF ENERGY

### The Roosevelt Fountain

Theodore Roosevelt, that ardent spirit, is not yet forgotten by his fellow countrymen.

There is a project on foot to erect a memorial to him in the shape of a fountain operated by electricity. The fountain is to throw water 200 feet high and is intended to symbolise "the great American's tireless energy."

## I'LL GIVE MY KINGDOM FOR A LITTLE GRAVE

KING RICHARD THE SECOND'S bones lie in their marble tomb in Westminster Abbey, honoured in their resting-place, though the passer-by might take little heed of them if it were not that Shakespeare has placed in the mouth of this tragic king words that give him immortality. He was deposed, but his deposition did not save him from being murdered at Pomfret. But through the bony framework of that skull, and between the lips that have long since been dust, came the words:

What must the king do now? Must he submit? The king shall do it: must he be deposed? The king shall be contented: must he lose The name of king? O' God's name, let it go: I'll give my jewels for a set of beads, My gorgeous palace for a hermitage, My gay apparel for an almsman's gown, My figured goblets for a dish of wood, My sceptre for a palmer's walking-staff, My subjects for a pair of carved saints, And my large kingdom for a little grave, A little little grave, an obscure grave; Or I'll be buried in the king's highway. . .

His grave was not obscure. Bolingbroke and York, who had connived at his death, were horrified when the deed was done, or, at any rate, dreaded the public outcry; and so he was buried, as he had been married, in the Abbey. Then he was forgotten.

But, unfortunate even in death and after death, his bones were not to be left in peace, though it was by the oddest chance that they were disturbed. In the year 1766 two boys from St. Peter's College, which all call now Westminster

School, were straying in the Abbey, as Westminster boys have continually done, looking for mischief. (Was it not a Westminster boy who carved his initials on the ancient stone of the Coronation Chair?)

They came to the mouldering tomb of Richard the Second, and one of the boys put his hand through a huge rent in it, and drew out a bone. It was the jaw bone of the King, the same that might have uttered the Shakespearean lament for fallen majesty!

Little the boy cared for that, though his companion, with more respect for the proprieties, vindicated them by cuffing the thief. Then, being the stronger, he pocketed the bone for himself!

Neither boy seems ever to have revealed the theft, but according to Mr. Lawrence Tanner, the historian of the Abbey, the bone was taken home by the stronger boy, and was not restored. It remained in the family as an heirloom!

From 1766 to 1806 this grim relic was sometimes remembered, sometimes forgotten, but never replaced. Then the family, the unrightful owners, gave it back to the Abbey, and King Richard's descendant, Edward the Seventh, ordered that it should be reverently wrapped in a piece of altar cloth and put back in the tomb. So the unhappy king is at last in possession of his own again, and may perhaps be accounted as at least more fortunate in this respect than King Tutankhamen.

## A SCHOOL WE SHOULD LIKE TO GO TO

If we were young enough for school again we should run as hard as we could go to Bembridge.

We like the look of the school as it lies on the Isle of Wight with the waves beating round it. We like the picture of it through the old, old trees, and we like the atmosphere of it as we find it in a little book by its Headmaster, Mr. J. Howard Whitehouse.

Mr. Whitehouse has known something of the big schools of the world, he knows something of the beating heart of the people in great cities and of the public life of the nation in the House of Commons; and with this experience of the world, and a heart still young, he has gone down to Bembridge and found it like a paradise.

If there is a better place to put a boy in we do not know it, and we are judging purely from the feeling that comes to us in running through a little book of stories, biographies, and addresses given by Mr. Whitehouse in the school chapel. We should like it to be widely read; it is called "Today," and is published by the Cambridge University Press.

"Here around you," Mr. Whitehouse once told his boys, "is a beautiful world—the lodgings prepared by Christ for men. In the cities are the lodgings we have prepared for Christ."

When Mr. Whitehouse was teaching in one of our great cities he went one day to a room in a slum, and we like this little story of what he saw:

A little boy, six or seven years old, came with his brother, perhaps fourteen years old. He looked ill and was in pain. His head was bandaged. He was crying bitterly when his brother led him into the room. He was in rags and tatters.

His brother did not ask him not to cry, nor talk about the pain he felt. Instead he took him to one of the fairy tales, read to him the words, and pointed him eagerly to the pictures. I saw the smaller boy gradually forget his sorrow. His tears ceased, he lost all sense of his surroundings, and was willingly transplanted to fairy lands, with their dragons, and knights, and distressed prisoners to be rescued.

The big boy continued to read, and point, and explain, but he, too, shared the rapture of the younger. They no longer lived in a slum: both had entered a new land:

*Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.*

That, if we had the spirit of Bembridge in us all, is what would happen to all our slums; they would pass away and be no more than an ugly memory in our green and lovely land.

## THE ICE AGE MEN OF NORFOLK

THE north-east coast of Norfolk is a beautiful spot, and in summer vast numbers of people enjoy themselves on the wonderful stretches of golden sand exposed when the tide is low.

But to the hardy archaeologist searching for traces of prehistoric man along this coast winter is the time that attracts, for then the sea, lashed to fury by the gale, will sweep much of the summer sand away and disclose great masses of gravel, lying chiefly in hollows and deposited during the warm climate following the retreat of the great Scandinavian ice-sheet which lay off the coast of Norfolk for thousands of years. In this layer of gravel Mr. Reid Moir has

found many primitive flint implements and flakes made by a race of people who, in their hunting expeditions, found their way into Norfolk as the glaciers slowly retreated.

Many of these flint specimens are much battered and worn by the rough treatment received in the fast-running torrents of those days. The makers of the implements were no doubt living close to the streams, and when, owing to the sudden melting of some mass of ice, a great rush of water would come roaring down the valley, they would have all their work cut out to save themselves, and their flints would be swept away and hurtled downstream.

## VILLAGE MARSHALS

### A Hampshire Experiment

#### HOW TO KEEP THE COUNTRYSIDE TIDY

It is refreshing to read that in a Hampshire village which used to be littered with old tins and rubbish a successful experiment for getting it tidy has been carried out.

The village children were invited to choose two of their number, a boy and a girl, to be Village Marshals. They were to serve for a year. Their work was to see to the clearing away of the rubbish.

At the annual Parish Meeting padded armlets bearing the parish emblem were given to the Marshals. The children were allowed to handle two old police truncheons in order to make them feel that they were in the line of succession, and the local constable promised to treat the children with deference if he met them wearing their official badges.

The Marshals worked with such effort, and were so successful in getting their boy and girl friends to work hard also at the business, that in a year or so two whole tons of rubbish were cleared away. Imagine with what care the Marshals of the moment look after their tidy lands, and how swiftly they get rid of the first signs of any accumulation!

## FUNERAL OF A STATUE

### Odd Scene in Poland

This curious story is sent to us from Budapest by one of our Hungarian correspondents.

A very warm feeling bound the inhabitants of the little Galician town of Zablotow to the old Austrian Emperor Francis Joseph, and it did not cease when he died and his dynasty fell in the crash of the war, nor even when Zablotow became a part of Poland.

The statue of Francis Joseph standing in front of the municipal buildings was the pride of the small town, and when news came that the Polish Government had ordered its removal a storm of indignant protests arose. But a second order arrived, more peremptory than the first, and the townspeople saw at last that they must obey. So, having deliberated for two days, they decided to give the statue a funeral!

Assembling on the appointed day they reverently removed the statue from its pedestal, laid it in a flower-decked coffin, and conveyed it to a field outside the churchyard. Immense crowds escorted the hearse, schoolchildren sang hymns all the way, and an old soldier who had fought at Sadowa delivered the funeral oration. All the shops were closed for the day as a sign of mourning.

## AN IMITATION OF LIFE

### But Only an Imitation

A very clever physiological botanist has built up a clever imitation of a plant-cell which behaves in some ways as a living cell does.

It takes into itself, by absorption or attraction, the elements sodium or potassium, which living plants need, and in its own interior it includes all those elements such as oxygen, carbon, nitrogen, hydrogen, a little phosphorus, and one or two simple salts, which the protoplasm of a living cell contains.

In short, Dr. MacDougall's artificial cell is a very good and plausible imitation of a living cell. It works quite well for a time. But when that time is over it runs down. It works no more. It is as dead as oxygen, and, as Dr. MacDougall admits, it is never anything better than a model, and is almost as far removed from a living cell as a clockwork mouse is from a live one.



## HOME OF A GREAT MAN

### A HOUSE OF HISTORY PASSES

Where Sir Robert Peel Met George Stephenson

#### WHAT DRIVES THE ENGINE?

Three-quarters of a century have elapsed since the death of the great Sir Robert Peel, but the recent publication of his letters, revealing the supposedly proud, austere autocrat as one of the most warm-hearted men who ever lived, has made his memory so fresh and fragrant in the minds of us all that the sale of the home he loved comes to us as a shock.

Drayton Manor, so famous for its happy hospitality, its beautiful home life, its gatherings of thinkers, scientists, and men of endeavour and achievement, is sold, and passes into strange hands, stripped by time and adverse fortune of the treasures of art and literature which he fondly gathered about him. His father made the family fortune out of cotton; his grandson, the late baronet, appeared seven times in the Bankruptcy Court; and Drayton Manor is the possession of a financial syndicate for "development."

#### Peel as Farmer

It was here that Peel found relief from the Premiership, here that he gloried in the old farming and learned the new from Dean Buckland and Lyon Playfair, so that, led by the Dean, he drained worthless land and made it so fair and profitable that the turnips from it made him glow with pride.

Here, too, was coined an immortal phrase. At one of the parties George Stephenson, together with Buckland and several learned men, was of the company. Returning from church, they stood together in the grounds to watch a train steaming past in the distance.

#### Bottled Sunlight

"Now," said George Stephenson to Buckland, "I have a poser for you. Can you tell me what is the power that is driving that train?"

"Well, I suppose it is one of your big engines," answered Buckland.

"But what drives the engine?"

"Oh, very likely a canny Newcastle driver."

"What do you say to the light of the Sun?"

"How can that be?" queried the Dean.

"It is nothing else but bottled sunlight; sunlight bottled up in the Earth for tens of thousands of years; light absorbed by plants and vegetation being necessary for the condensation of carbon during the process of their growth if it is not carbon in another form. And now, after being buried in the Earth for ages in fields of coal, that latent power is again brought forth, liberated, and made to work in that engine."

#### A Great Truth

In a flash that saying "bottled sunlight" illuminated a whole field of science. Dr. Buckland did not forthwith accept the definition, but a brilliant lawyer who was present took up the argument, primed with George's facts and theories, and won a great victory for the argument.

Whereat George, greatly marvelling, exclaimed:

"Well, of all the powers in Nature the greatest is the gift of the gab!"

Stephenson, with his rough Northumbrian speech, was thought by some present to be talking inconceivable folly, but he was propounding a great truth, the first to do so, and the Prime Minister was one of his converts that day in the beautiful manor house which, alas! is to know the Peels no more.

## 1000 TREATIES

### The Wonderful Collection at Geneva

#### THE LOCARNO GEM

That great collector of treaties the League of Nations has just received with much pleasure a large addition to its rapidly growing collection, America having decided to place in its safe keeping copies of all the treaties and international agreements it makes with other nations.

Such a collection as this has never before been made, and it is one that all may see. The originals are, of course, kept in very safe custody, but exact copies are published in a series, amounting now to 36 volumes, called the Treaty Series. The original language is given, even though sometimes, as in the case of a Treaty of Friendship between Persia and Russia, a photographic copy has to be made because the Persian cannot be printed. Translations into English and French are always added.

#### Curious Conventions

There are now over a thousand treaties in the League's collection. A large number deal with frontiers, customs, commerce, navigation, communications by post, telephone, telegraph, and wireless from one country to another; and it is surprising to find "conventions concerning hunting and fishing" and "agreements regarding persons of unsound mind."

Best of all in this unique collection is the increasing number of "treaties of peace and friendship." Great Britain figures in many of these, and among them we find our treaty with the Irish Free State. Switzerland, too, may proudly point to the fact that she has been among the first to agree with several other countries to place every dispute before arbitrators.

Everyone will probably agree that the chief gem in the collection is the Treaty of Locarno—though we are glad to see the Franco-Italian treaty for the protection of silkworms!

## GETTING POWER FROM THE TIDES

### A Bulgarian Scheme

Interesting trials are being carried out at Varna, on the Black Sea, of a new method of getting power from the tides with a machine invented by a Bulgarian engineer named Vodenitcharoff.

Two years ago he obtained a certain amount of success at the port of Bourgas, and this led to sufficient money being given him to build the large power machine now being put to the test.

In some very ingenious way the inventor makes use of the rise and fall of the sea as the waves pass through his machine, and combines with it the horizontal force of the waves, no matter what their direction.

At the museum of Varna may be seen one of the inventor's earlier machines, with which he has turned the power of the waves into electric light.

Bulgaria is watching the experiments with great interest, for if ever the energy of the waves can be turned into electricity a great day will dawn for mankind.

#### In the Auction Rooms

The following prices have lately been paid in the auction rooms for objects of interest.

|                                       |      |
|---------------------------------------|------|
| Leighton's picture, Antigone . . .    | £709 |
| A portrait by Romney . . .            | £483 |
| Picture by Burne-Jones . . .          | £280 |
| A painting by Quentin Matsys . . .    | £262 |
| A painted Deruta dish . . .           | £257 |
| A silver teapot of 1709 . . .         | £244 |
| Overprinted Edward VII stamp . . .    | £229 |
| William and Mary chest . . .          | £147 |
| 1st edition of a Thackeray book . . . | £112 |
| An old English bracket clock . . .    | £69  |
| A George III fox-head cup . . .       | £63  |
| An antique Persian bedspread . . .    | £36  |

## ONE DAY THIS WEEK IN HISTORY

### A Deaf Man Hears

On March 26, 1827, Beethoven died. I shall hear in heaven.

*The dying Beethoven, who was deaf*

As the evening closed in there came a sudden storm of hail and snow, covering the ground and roofs, and followed by a flash of lightning and an instant clap of thunder. So great was the crash as to arouse even the dying man. He opened his eyes, clenched his fist, and shook it in the air above him. This lasted a few seconds while the hail rushed down outside, and then the hand fell, and the great composer was no more.

SIR GEORGE GROVE

## C.N. QUESTION BOX

All questions must be asked on postcards: one question on each card, with name and address. The Editor regrets that it is not possible to answer all the questions sent in.

#### How are Giraffes Transported to England?

In the same way as other wild animals, only very tall stables on the ship and cages for land transport are needed to accommodate their long necks.

#### What Does Brillig Mean?

It is just a made-up word in Lewis Carroll's nonsense rhyme Jabberwocky in *Through the Looking-Glass*. He gives the amusing explanation: "Bryllyg, derived from the verb to bryl or bril, the time of broiling dinner, that is, the close of the afternoon."

#### What is Contango Day?

Contango is a Stock Exchange term to describe the percentage which the buyer of stock pays to the seller to postpone transfer to the next or any future settling day, and Contango Day is the second day before settling day.

#### How is Electricity Obtained from Niagara Falls?

The water is drawn off from the river above the Falls and allowed to fall down long pipes known as penstocks to turn turbine wheels which work dynamos and generate the electricity.

#### Why are Icebergs Frequently Surrounded by Fog?

Because by lowering the temperature all round the iceberg causes the moisture or water vapour in the air to condense and become visible as fog. If the surrounding air were perfectly dry there would be no fog.

#### What is the Absolute Age of the Earth?

No one can say with any definiteness. Scientists make estimates based on various phenomena such as geological and astronomical facts, but they vary greatly and are constantly changing. A recent statement placed the Earth's age at 600 or 700 million years.

#### Do Water Pipes Burst When They Freeze or When They Thaw?

When they freeze, the cause being that ice occupies more space than water and so forces the pipes, and if they are not strong enough to resist they burst. The burst, however, is not generally discovered till the thaw comes and the water escapes through the rent.

#### Why Did England Choose the Rose as Her Emblem?

The rose as a national emblem first appears on the Great Seal of England in the reign of Edward the Fourth. The king was called the Rose of Rouen because of his personal beauty and his place of birth, and this may account for the rose being adopted as his badge.

#### Why is Canada Called a Dominion?

This was considered a good word to describe the union of the Canadian colonies, and in the Act of 1867 the phraseology used was "The Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick shall form and be One Dominion under the name of Canada." Ever since the name Dominion has been used to describe the union.

#### Are There Four Tides at Any Places?

Owing to the attraction of the Moon and also to some extent of the Sun, the ocean water rises and falls twice every day, or, to be exact, every 24 hours 52 minutes. The tide rises for about six hours, when it is high, and then falls for about six hours, when it is low. This applies to all places, though owing to the enclosing land the range of the tides is much less felt in some seas such as the Mediterranean than it is elsewhere.

## A RACE ROUND THE SUN

### EARTH OVERTAKING MARS AND JUPITER

#### Three Brilliant Planets in the Early Morning Sky

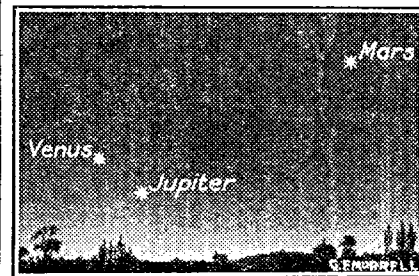
#### VENUS AT HER BRIGHTEST

By the C.N. Astronomer

For the next three or four weeks the early morning sky will be resplendent with the three brightest planets, Venus, Jupiter, and Mars, all grouped together low in the south-east, their rapid interchange of position presenting an interesting celestial sight as the coming month progresses.

On Monday morning, March 22, Venus and Jupiter will appear at their nearest to one another, about nine times the Moon's width apart, and arranged, relative to Mars and the horizon, as shown in the picture. No bright stars are in their vicinity, so it will be easy to identify them.

Venus is exceptionally bright, almost at her brightest, and appears in a telescope as a crescent. Mars is slightly



The relative positions of Venus, Jupiter, and Mars in the early morning of March 22

gibbous, like the Moon when nearly full; he appears only one-sixth the diameter of Venus.

Jupiter shows a full, radiant orb, almost as wide as the entire disc, of Venus, and therefore by far the most entertaining of the three, with a wealth of "cloud-belt" detail on his disc and four of his retinue of nine moons appearing like lamps against the rising dawn.

Venus is much the nearest of these planets, being about 50 million miles away, while Mars is 150 million miles away, and Jupiter the immense distance of 517 million.

While Venus is receding from us and leaving our world behind the Earth is approaching both Jupiter and Mars, racing after them, in fact, all travelling the same way (the reverse of clockwise) in their great orbits. But, our world having the inner track, so to speak, and the greatest speed (a little over 18 miles a second, compared with 15 miles a second of Mars and 8 miles of Jupiter), of course the Earth will gradually reduce the distance. Consequently both Mars and Jupiter will continue to grow brighter and appear larger until by the autumn they will be the two most lustrous gems of the evening sky.

#### Best Time for Observation

In the meantime it will be interesting to note the apparent movements of these three worlds as displayed in the early morning sky, between 4.30 and 5 a.m. being the best time for observation now, and earlier as April advances.

Venus will be seen to leave us rapidly, becoming less bright, and, while appearing to approach the Sun, getting beyond and behind him. But Jupiter and Mars will quickly come together, till by April 23 they will appear less than twice the Moon's width apart.

After that Jupiter, travelling slowest, will lag behind Mars, and so the Earth will, as it were, draw level with Jupiter first. Jupiter will therefore be before Mars in adorning the coming bright evenings of the summer months. G. F. M.

**Other Worlds.** In the morning Venus, Jupiter and Mars in the south-east. In the evening Saturn low in the south-east at midnight.



# Another Fine Story By Gunby Hadath Begins Next Week

## BIG SCHOOL CALLING

Garry Sees it Through

By Gunby Hadath

CHAPTER 47  
Past & Present

Two years are a long time in the life of a school. In two years many new faces come, many old faces go. The "captains and the kings" of the school depart: new captains and new kings arise in their stead.

Two years are a long time. E. G. Hughes-Davies (Welsh Toffee) was reflecting that it was nearer three years than two since he had been able to get down to his old School. As he drove up the hill this balmy June evening he was recalling that it would be three full years ago in the autumn. Then he had come to captain the Old Boys at Rugger. "And yes, look you," he said with a laugh, as he turned to his companion, "though I'd raked up Campbell and Silloth and all sorts of stars, your team put it across us, Crauford. Do you remember?"

The bronzed young man at his side gave him the quick, pleasant smile. "Of course I remember," he answered. "We had all the luck."

"Well, Crauford, tomorrow we've got to whack the School. So go to bed early. No larks in the Common Room, look you!"

The younger man smiled again. "And look you," he mimicked slyly, "I'm not committing myself to any rash promises if old Spalding and Mostyn of my year roll up as they promised." He paused as the lodge at the Avenue came into sight. "I couldn't get down last year," he said musingly; "so this is the first time I've turned up as an Old Boy. It feels a bit rum to be turning up as an Old Boy."

As secretary of the flourishing Old Boys Society the Welshman liked to skipper their sides when he came. His manner took a tinge of authority.

"Well, remember," he said, "that we'll want you to bowl tomorrow. We'll begin at eleven sharp and make a long day of it."

A motor-car came chugging past up the hill. Crauford sprang to his feet and hailed it excitedly.

"Hi! Jardine!" he screamed. In the car a grave-faced man with a calm, sedate air was as suddenly on his feet, too, transformed most amazingly.

"Crauford! Hurray!" he called back. "Have you brought your old bowler? Bags I first call on it and your spats to play in tomorrow!"

But Jardine must have been joking, for when the Past team paraded next morning his white and precisely creased flannels were fringed with no spats. Nor were his solemn temples crowned by a bowler.

They had been into Chapel, flooding it to its capacity; they had sauntered across to look at their names on the Leaving Tree (where almost everyone carves his name ere he leaves), and now from the eighty and three of their total assembly their eleven had been chosen by the four Welshman. None of them minded a bit if he had to stand down or was relegated to the next team, which would try most vigorous conclusions with the School Second.

But naturally the match on Big Side was the match. The scorer, with his scoring-book under his arm, climbed early to his scoring loft in the pavilion. He was suffering seemingly from a cold in the head for he sniffled as he looked in the drawer for his pencils, which appeared to be missing. He raised his lank form irritably and, thrusting forward a lean head and neck, he bawled to a fag.

"Yes, Snipple," that urchin replied, with quivering alacrity.

"Yes, I'll go and fetch some directly, Snipple."

He went off like a dart; for they

didn't wait to be told twice by that man of mark, the School's first eleven scorer. A man who stood no nonsense and knew his own mind. Rather a popular man, too, taken all round.

"Shall we toss?" Hughes-Davies was addressing the Captain of Cricket, who, as it happened, was also Captain of the School; and was studying him as he spoke rather closely and curiously. For he had been told a remarkable story about this person, of something that had happened in Lower School two years before.

He was attracted at once by the steadiness of the brown eyes, which met his own as he extended the coin. And as that coin ascended and the other's face lifted to follow it, the Welshman noticed how the sunlight picked out his freckles and emphasised the pugnacious set of his chin.

"Heads it is, sir!" "We'll bat," said Hughes-Davies, coming out of his musings, and as the School skipper strode off to inform his men a voice in the Welshman's ear observed very quietly: "That boy's the best School Captain we've ever had."

Hughes-Davies turns. The Maypole is standing beside him. Yet, strangely enough, a Maypole who appears younger. Has he some mysterious means of renewing his youth? Perhaps the sunshine in his heart keeps the lines from his face—though it cannot keep his shoulders from drooping and has not managed to keep the white from his head.

"Well, Welsh Toffee," he smiles, "have you lost the toss?"

The Welshman laughs happily. "Not I, sir!" he answers. "I've won the toss and we're good for at least a thousand!"

"Oh, are you? We've a demon bowler this year. With every ball he delivers he grunts ferociously. When he grunts the worst look out for a trimmer!"

"Oh, Tadworth! Yes, I've followed all his performances. But we're not afraid of him, look you! We'll tonk him today."

"Tadworth is a very good bowler indeed," The Maypole said solemnly, moving to follow the School Captain toward the pavilion.

"Lost the toss again, Go-Bang?" "Yes, Ken. I've lost. We're fielding."

"Hope old Soppy's bowling arm is in trim."

"What about your own? I'll start you the other end, Ken."

The Captain of the School gave his friend a grin. He gave a second grin, a mocking, menacing grin, to a large, loosely-limbed person who clattered in, peeling his blazer off. "Soppy," he grinned, "if you don't bowl well I'll slay you!"

The newcomer grinned back. "Right-o, Go-Bang!" he promised in a gay tone. "Must obey skipper's orders, mustn't we, Nightingale?"

"Rather!" a drawling voice answered him.

"All ready?" Garry enquired, surveying his forces. The wicket-keeper rose from buckling his pads and drew from his bag his enormous rubber-faced gloves. He put them on and slapped them together merrily.

Garry let one arm drop lightly on his shoulder.

"Come on, Feddon, old man," he said. "Let's get into the field."

CHAPTER 48  
Past and Present

Two spectators were watching the match a little apart. They occupied two deck-chairs in the shade. Both were elderly, yet the complexion of one was as fresh and his face as alert and eager as any boy's. And none

of the boys who trailed past with sly, curious glances, applauded with greater zest the fall of the wickets. For falling they were: Soppy Tadworth was bowling magnificently, grunting his way through the side, as The Maypole had prophesied.

The companion of this eagerly boyish visitor was a square-shouldered man with a resolute face, who had been less vociferous but no less intent. He had not spoken much, but now, of a sudden, he returned to a topic which, as his tone implied, they must have been discussing earlier on.

"Yes," he uttered in a low and reflective voice, "how could I refuse your generous offer, Sir Charles?"

The boyish man smiled.

"Well, you took some persuading," he said. "I assure you, Mr. Garry, you gave me a tussle. But generous! That's not the word. It wasn't generous on my part; it was selfishness on my part. You did the favour."

"Oh, no," was the answer.

Sir Charles Feddon shook his head.

"Mr. Garry," he answered, "when I begged you to—er—to let me—er—pay the shot for your son staying on here, and going on with mine to Cambridge—that's our bargain, remember!—I was doing it for my own sake and in my own interests. My boy wanted to stay. But not if your son left. Why, man—he blew his nose fiercely—"you know it's a fact that I'm the person who's under the obligation. Look at my boy! Your son's been the making of him. Absolutely the making of him."

Garry's father drew his chair closer till both chairs were touching. "Perhaps, Sir Charles," he said, very quietly, "they've each helped the other."

"Well, leave it at that," said Sir Charles. "But I tell you this, Garry." He drew his mouth tight in that fashion his son had. "The best stroke of work I ever did in my life was sending my lad to Eastborough—because of yours. I'm enormously grateful, Garry. And that's my last word!"

He fixed his eyes on the game again, very fiercely.

From the rugs on the slope there went up a shout of triumph. The wicket-keeper had taken a leg ball low down, and whipped the bails off in a trice with a swift breath: "How's that?"

And up had gone the umpire's finger of doom. The victim of as smart an exhibition of stumping as any that could be remembered upon Big Side began his doleful journey to the pavilion, and louder rang the plaudits. "Well stumped!"

### THE BEST OF THE MAGAZINES

For several months people have been crowding the rooms of the Royal Academy to see the wonderful collection of the works of John Sargent. In My Magazine for April will be found many of the artist's finest works, beautifully printed in colour.

Here are a few of the other contents of this best of all monthlies. Space will not allow anything like a full list to be given.

**A Wonderful Thing Old England Did**

How They Took the Sea to Manchester

**Animals Marching to Oblivion**  
The Wonderful Life the World is Losing

**The Man Who Saved 5000 Melodies**  
Life in the Restless Country of the East

Pages of Interesting Pictures from China Beautifully Printed in Photogravure

**Parson Cartwright**  
A Quiet Man's Idea and What Came of it

The April number is now on sale everywhere, price one shilling. Make sure of your copy by ordering it now. Ask for

**MY MAGAZINE**

Edited by Arthur Mee

The stumper's father looked gaily at his companion. "Do you wonder," he said, eyes twinkling, "that he likes Eastborough?"

With six wickets down for forty the Old Boys fared ill, and Welsh Toffee was muttering sadly under his breath when the batting order brought two rising young clerics together. At Oxford the two had played Rugby football together, and though neither set himself up to be a great cricketer their grinding work together in East End slums appeared to have detracted naught from their vim.

Observed the Reverend George Abel, at the wicket, to his comrade the Reverend John Baxter, as he came in: "Dost thou recall when we came down to play Old Boys' Rugger?"

"Aye, verily!"

"Well, your bowler is the artist who brought out those spats!"

"Then shall he be roundly smitten."

Their recognition of Soppy as the hero of that striking feat seemed to rob his bowling of all its terrors. At any rate, it had never been so patted this season. Fifty—sixty—seventy—up soared the score; a hundred. Soppy was rested. Nightingale relieved him, to bowl a languid but far from innocent lob.

At 165 the Reverend John Baxter unhappily skied one, and Lubbock trapped it with thanks. "United we stand, divided we fall," sighed his confrère, as he was bowled all over his stumps a few minutes later. But the good work had been accomplished. The tide had been turned. The innings of the Past reached 207.

As the School's opening pair advanced to the wickets the fieldsmen remarked that both looked a bit on the small side; fairly young, indeed, to have reached the team. It was stated afterwards, as a somewhat singular fact, that one of the pair came in with a smudge on his cheek, and that the other stopped him half-way by digging him in the ribs and adjuring him in a hoarse and beseeching whisper: "Don't rush in so, Gigshott. Swagger in, you goat! Or they'll think we're nervous!"

Nervous or not, they never looked like getting out. At the tea adjournment they were unparted still; and a lady who was watching half the game from her window, whence she could only see one wicket and none of the telegraph board, ejaculated testily: "How provoking! Two of my boys, and I can't see how many they've made!"

Now Garry and Feddon had been sitting cross-legged on the turf beside those two deck-chairs that were placed in the shade. After tea they rose and wandered away arm in arm.

Watching Feddon's face you remarked on it the old shyness; his delicate mouth was as sensitive as of old. Yet the species of haunted look had passed away utterly; his shyness was but the shyness now of reserve.

"I wonder, Garry," he breathed, coming out of his day dreams, "if you've been thinking about the same thing that I've been thinking of?"

Garry said: "Yes, I remember. It's just two years today."

"Since I ran away!"

"Since we both ran away," grinned Garry. "I say, old man, do you remember another thing?"

"Such lots, Garry."

"Yes, but do you remember what an age it was before I could drag out of you your reason for running away?"

The Captain's glance passed to the cricket and left it again. "Isn't it queer," he said in a quiet voice, "to compare the Past and Present, the Then and the Now? It's queer, looking back."

"I say, old chap! Do you remember—"

They heard their names shouted. Kendall was coming toward them over the grass.

THE END

Who Was He?

### The Country Parson

SEVENTY-FIVE years ago a young Church of England clergyman was forbidden by the bishop to preach in London because he had preached a sermon on The Message of the Church to the Labouring Man, and in it had said that the Church had other duties toward the working man beside preaching the Gospel.

This young country clergyman believed that care for popular education, health, and all that is necessary for general prosperity and happiness was a Christian duty of the Church and the whole country, and for saying so he got into hot water. Now millions say it.

The young man also made a strong point of the value of vigorous outdoor holidays for everybody, and was a leader in attracting people to the freshness of the seashore and of mountains; so he and his kind were given the nickname of muscular Christians.

Further, he believed in teaching people to understand the wonders of the life that surrounds them when they get face to face with Nature. He gave lectures on geology, natural history, and on knowledge necessary for the public health; and though he was not the best of speakers, because he had an awkward stammer, people heard him gladly.

He wrote books to impress his ideas on his readers—serious novels revealing things which he thought were wrong in the country he loved; a vigorous novel of adventure to display the manly spirit which ought to be in Englishmen; and poems which revealed his own spirit of sympathy and his fine manliness.

Very quickly it was seen that he was not a dangerous man but had an inspiring spirit, and so appreciation and honours came to him. Queen Victoria chose him as one of her chaplains; the English Church made him a Canon and, instead of being shut out of London pulpits, he preached in Westminster Abbey to interested crowds.

Though he had not been a very distinguished student at his university, Cambridge made him one of its professors; indeed, every section of society united to admire him as an all-round man. Children love his easy books on science; novel readers still enjoy his tales; scientific men see him as a pioneer of popular science; and

good men of all faiths see in him a kindred spirit.

Unfortunately, he worked so hard at so many things that he undermined his health, and died when he was only 55. Here is his portrait. Who was he?







## D! MERRYMAN

"Do the fish in this stream bite?" asked a fisherman.

"Bite!" exclaimed the local inhabitant. "I should think they do! They are so fierce that you will have to hide behind a tree while you are baiting your hook."

### An Arithmetical Problem

DIVIDE the number 46 into two parts so that, if the first be divided by 7 and the second by 3, the two quotients added together will make 10. *Solution next week*

WHAT has only one foot?  
A stocking.

### Is Your Name Foyle?

FOYLE means an excavation, and the father of the Foyles was probably a man who lived near some deep excavation, or he may have been a man noted as having dug a big hole. In any case, the excavation became attached to him as a description and at last became a surname.

### Learned Rabbits

A FRENCHMAN was going out with a party of English friends to snare rabbits, and he was told that he must not talk because that would frighten the rabbits.

At the critical moment, however, the Frenchman became excited and made a remark in French. In a flash all the rabbits disappeared down their burrows.

When the Englishmen reproved their friend for speaking he replied in astonishment:

"But how was I to know that the English rabbits would understand French?"

### What am I?

MY substance within is covered with skin,  
Which very hard labour abides,  
For when I am used I am often abused  
By the blows I receive on my sides.  
Knees, legs, I have none, nor a foot to stand on,  
Though I oftentimes run like a rover;  
But, to come to an end, I do often ascend,  
And descend when my strength is quite over. *Answer next week*

### Hats of the World



Lapland Iceland

WHAT trees are not affected by fire?  
Ashes, because when they are burned they are still ashes.

### Big Business

A SALESMAN for a big company boasted that his firm spent £150 yearly on ink used in their offices. A rival salesman replied that his firm saved that amount on ink every year by omitting to dot the i's and cross the t's.

WHY have pianos such noble characters?

Because they are grand, upright, and square.

### A Trespasser in Trouble



WHEN Snip burst panting through the hedge

Snap asked him, "Did you find The bunch of cowslips, fresh and fair,

On which you'd set your mind?"

"To search for cowslips," answered Snip,  
"I hadn't time to stay;  
I only saw some bull-rushes,  
And then I came away!"

WHEN does a man impose on himself?

When he taxes his memory.

### The Early Bird

"SPRING is early this year," was the cry  
Of the Worm, as it looked at the sky.

With a feathery rush  
Came a famishing Thrush,  
Who remarked, with a gulp, "So am I!"

### Business is Business

LITTLE Tommy wanted to go out and play, but Mother had asked him to stay indoors and look after the baby for an hour.

"Mother, is Daddy rich?" asked Tommy thoughtfully, for it seemed to him that looking after the baby was not the sort of work for a man of nearly six-and-a-half years.

"Well, my dear," said Mother with a laugh, "he always says that he is worth two-and-a-half million pounds, because he values you and me at a million each, and Baby at half a million."

"Then why doesn't Daddy sell Baby?" asked Tommy brightly.

### Beheaded Words

BEHEAD a beast, and you will find  
A larger beast is left behind.  
This is wonderful, you'll say;  
A greater wonder I'll display.  
Behead this larger beast, and then,  
Instead of one, you'll find I'm ten. *Answer next week*

### A Second Samson

JACK, eating ripened cheese, did say:

"Like Samson, I my thousands slay."

"I vow," quoth Roger, "so you do,  
And with the self-same weapon too."

WHY is the figure 9 like a peacock?  
Because without a tail it is nothing.

### ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

#### Hidden Birds

Dove, owl, sandpiper, linnet, wren, teal

Missing Words. Forest, softer, foster

## Jacko Helps with the Shopping

ONE morning Mrs. Jacko woke up with such a bad cold that she decided, very reluctantly, to stay in bed.

"I had intended to do some shopping today," she said.

Of course, Jacko offered to do the shopping for her, but Mrs. Jacko wouldn't hear of it. But she told Jacko that he could help her by running round to Belinda and asking her to do it.

Jacko was only too pleased to run round to Belinda. It gave him a chance to read the list and satisfy his curiosity.

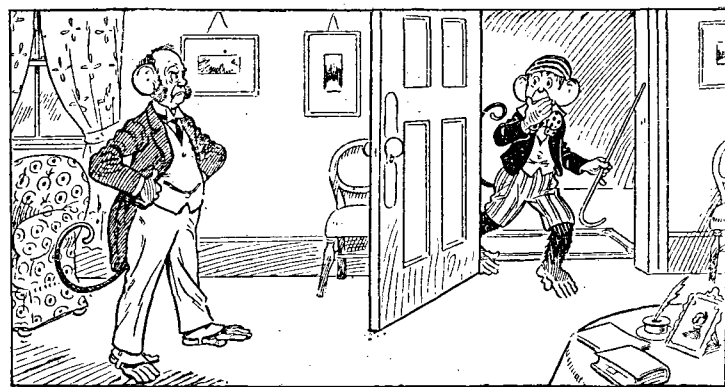
The first item was a bib for the baby.

"Coo! He's got lots of bibs already," he said to himself. "I don't see why the Mater should get him another." And he crossed it out!

He also decided that Belinda shouldn't pay a visit to the chemist's to buy the cod-liver oil Mrs. Jacko had put down.

"Shocking extravagance!" he said, crossing it out. "Who wants to buy nasty things like that?"

The next item was a pound of rice; and Jacko crossed that out too, for he hated milk puddings. In fact, by the time he had crossed out everything he didn't like there was hardly anything left for Belinda to buy.



The last purchase that Jacko made

"This won't do," said Jacko. "We must have something to eat." And he began to add things that he really did like. Belinda looked surprised when she read through the list.

"I'm sure I don't know why all these things are crossed out," she said. "Anyhow, I'll pop off to the shops and get the others."

Jacko ran home feeling very pleased with himself. He told Mrs. Jacko that Belinda had started off on a shopping expedition right away, and his mother gave a sigh of relief, and said that now she could have a good nap.

She didn't wake up till Belinda came back, and then she sat up in bed with a pleased smile and began undoing the parcels.

The first one contained a huge tin of toffee and the next one a big box of chocolates. And inside Belinda's basket were a fine pair of fowls, a pot of cream, and a large tin of peaches.

Mrs. Jacko couldn't make it out at all. "I never asked you to get these," she said to Belinda, with a puzzled look.

Belinda was very offended. "Well, here's the list!" she cried, handing it to Mrs. Jacko. "It did seem queer, but I thought you were giving a party."

Mrs. Jacko was wild when she saw what had happened to the list. And when she told Mr. Jacko he sent Jacko out with another shopping list. There was only one item on it, and that was a specially strong cane!

The paragraph on the right is a French translation of the paragraph on the left

### How He Saved His Life

An astrologer had prophesied that a lady King Louis the Eleventh loved would die in a week's time. The prophecy happened to come true, and the king ordered his servants to seize the astrologer and fling him through the window at a sign the king would give. The man was brought before the king.

"You who claim to be such a wise man," said the king, "who are so well acquainted with the fate of others, tell me the date of your own death."

"Three days before Your Majesty's," replied the man.

The king made no sign, and ever afterwards he took the greatest care of the wise man's life.

### Comment il Sauva sa Propre Vie

Un astrologue avait prédit qu'une dame, aimée de Louis XI, mourrait au bout de quelques jours. La prédiction s'accomplissant, le roi ordonna à ses serviteurs de se saisir de l'astrologue et de le jeter par la fenêtre lorsqu'il leur en donnerait le signal. L'homme fut amené en présence du roi.

"Toi qui prétends être si savant," dit le roi, "qui sais si bien le sort réservé aux autres, indique-moi la date de ta propre mort."

"Trois jours avant celle de Votre Majesté," répondit l'homme.

Le roi ne donna pas le signal, et, dorénavant, il prit le plus grand soin de la vie du savant.

### Tales Before Bedtime

## The Picnic

TOMMY was going to a picnic. He was going in a wagonette with ever so many other boys and girls. For weeks past he had thought of nothing else.

"The wagonette is to start from Mrs. Burton's house at three o'clock," said his mother the day before the party. "You will be there in time, won't you, Tommy? I wish I hadn't to go to town on business, and then I could be sure that you would not be late."

"I'll be there, you can be sure, Mummy," said Tommy.

The next day his mother went to town, and Tommy played about the whole morning, wishing the minutes would go faster. Alice, the maid, was too busy to pay much attention to him; when he had finished his dinner he told her he was going to dress himself so as to be ready in good time.

"Can you manage without my help?" asked Alice. "I'm rather busy—"

"Indeed I can, thank you!" Tommy's tone was a little indignant. He was seven.

He managed it quite well; then he took a story book and sat down to read to make the time pass. But he grew so interested in the book that he did not hear Alice call him and say it was ten minutes to three.

Tommy read on and on till suddenly he heard the clock strike. One—two—three!

"Oh!" he cried, jumping up; "they will have gone without me!"

He wanted to cry badly, for he had been looking forward



"How late you are!" they cried

so much to the party. He glanced out of the window, and was turning sadly away when his eye saw the time by the church clock across the road. It said five minutes to three!

Then he remembered that the clock in the hall was ten minutes fast. Oh, how pleased he was! And how he hurried downstairs and ran out into the lane! He got to Mrs. Burton's house just as the clock struck three.

"How late you are!" cried the others. "We thought you were never coming!"



The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia, the greatest book for children in the world.

# CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

March 20, 1926

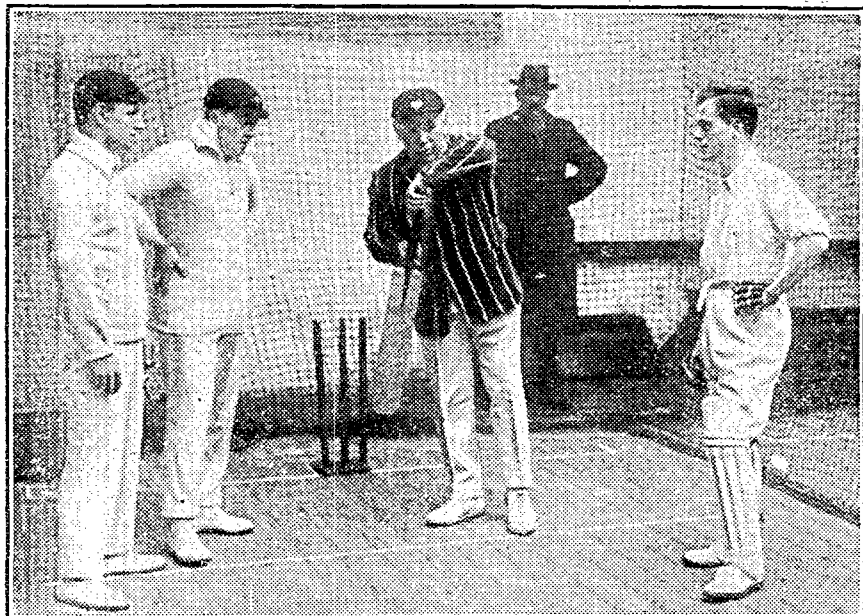
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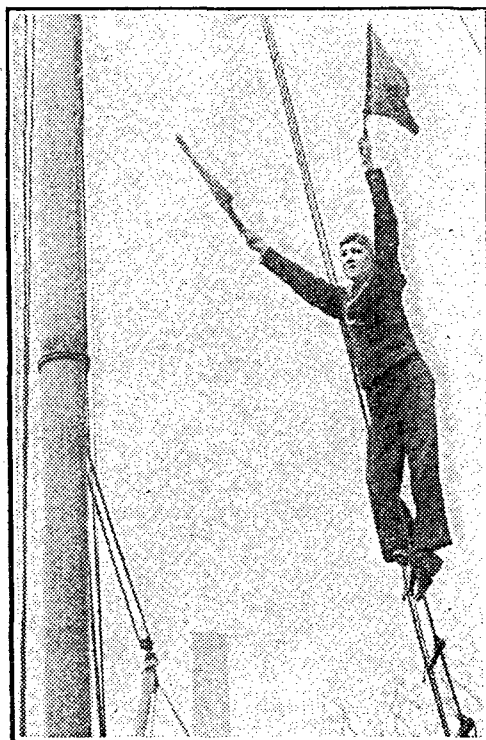
## JACKDAW AT SCHOOL · WIRELESS ON AN EXPRESS · CRICKET BEGINS



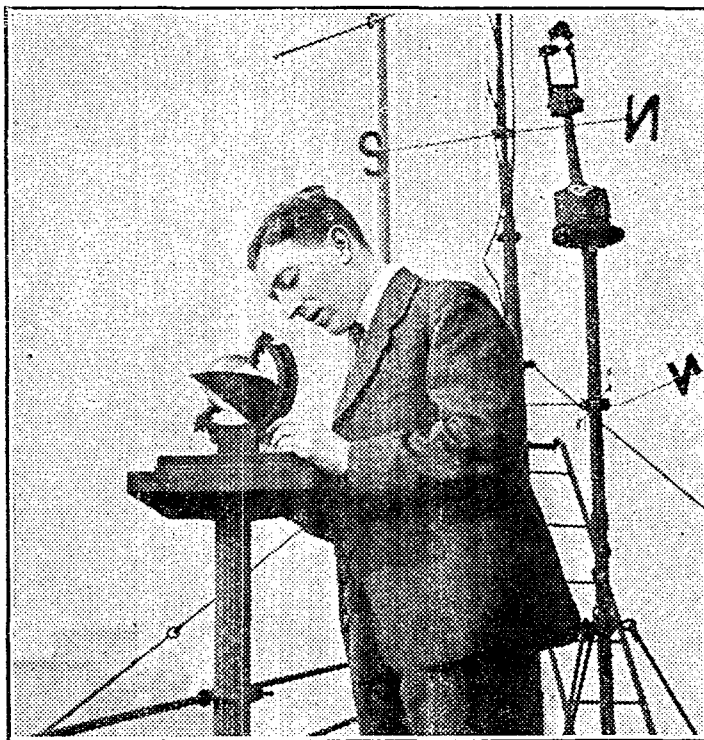
England and France at Twickenham—In this picture we see a tussle for the ball at a line-out during the recent international Rugby match, when England won after a hard-fought game



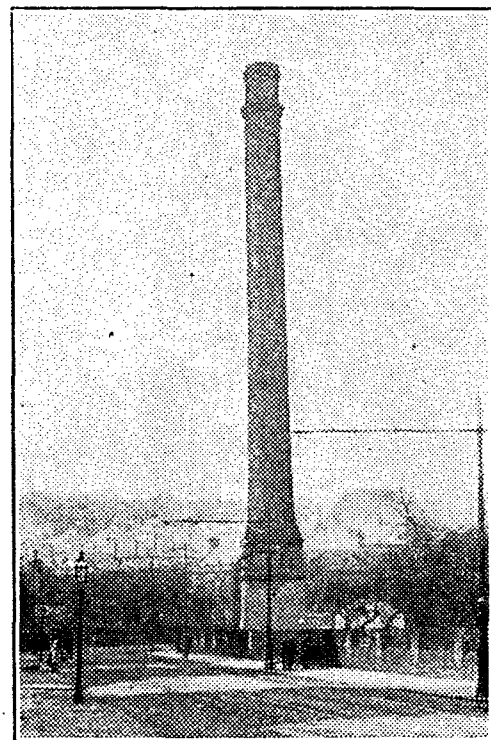
Getting Ready for Cricket—County cricket will soon be with us again, and cricketers are practising hard. Here George Hirst, the famous all-rounder, is coaching Yorkshire players



Learning Seamanship on Land—The boys at the Prince of Wales Training Hostel in the East End of London are thoroughly trained in seamanship, including semaphore signalling from the rigging



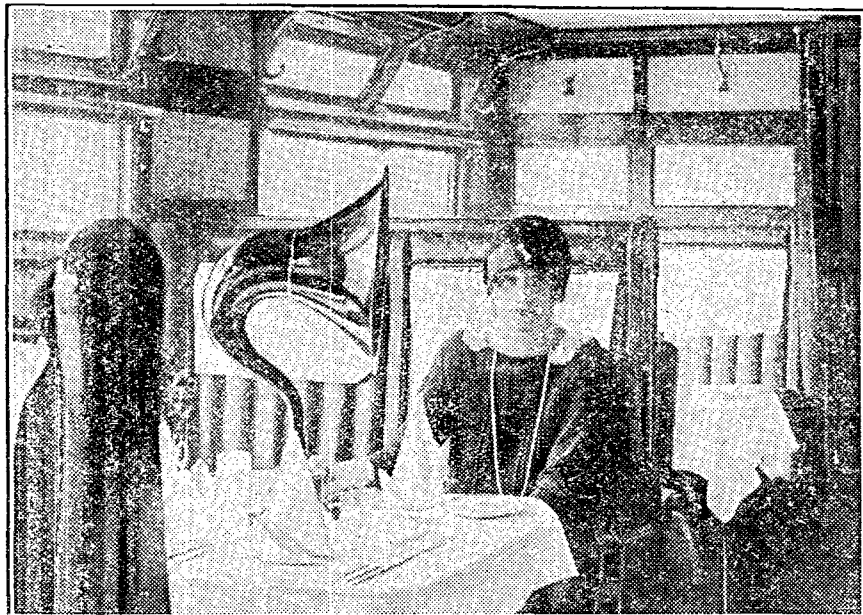
Measuring London's Sunshine—London's sunshine is measured very accurately by means of sunshine recorders placed on the tops of buildings, as we see here. The coming of spring has brought more welcome sunshine to measure, and the record showing the number of hours is made on a chart



The Chimney that Would Not Fall—For three weeks workmen tried to make this chimney at Bradford fall, but after sixty charges of gelignite had been exploded under it it was still standing as erect as ever



A Jackdaw Plays Marbles—One of the most regular attendants at the Council School at Helpston, Northamptonshire, is a tame jackdaw, which comes with his little master and perches on his desk during lessons. During playtime he loves a game of marbles with the boys



Loud-Speaker in a Train—In order to demonstrate the possibilities of entertainment by wireless on long journeys the Great Western Railway installed a loud-speaker in the dining-car of an express, while earphones were provided for passengers in some of the carriages

## A WONDERFUL THING OLD ENGLAND DID—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR APRIL

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